



# DE-LA-SALLE READERS



BOOK . . . SEVEN

824

**DATE DUE**

5168

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.






De La Salle Readers  
BOOK VII

La Salle High School, Daejeon





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025

[https://archive.org/details/bwb\\_S0-CED-514](https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-CED-514)



In the Shadows

by M. C. Kaiser

# DE LA SALLE READERS

## BOOK VII

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS  
ST. JOSEPH'S NORMAL INSTITUTE  
POCANTICO HILLS  
NEW YORK

808.54/1850

LA SALLE BUREAU  
50 SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY  
NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1928  
ST. JOSEPH'S NORMAL INSTITUTE, NEW YORK

*first printing, March, 1928*

WOODWARD & TIERNAN PRINTING COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

## PREFACE



**I***F the method of teaching elementary reading, as laid down in "The Management of Christian Schools" and in "Elements of Practical Pedagogy," and illustrated in the preceding numbers of this series of Readers, has been faithfully followed, the pupils are now sufficiently advanced to appreciate the best in literature.*

*"The object of literature in education," says Cardinal Newman, "is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, to cultivate application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression." In the choice as well as in the arrangement of the selections presented in the present volume, this object has been kept in view. But to obtain satisfactory results much depends on the good judgment and superior tact of the teacher. While the method of question and answer, hitherto so urgently insisted upon, should not be abandoned, care must be exercised lest the lessons and recitations drift into a mere monotonous series of questions in grammar, etymology, and rhetoric. Doubtless these should receive their due share of attention. But it must never be forgotten that it is in the absorption of the matter, in the assimilation of the thoughts and sentiments of the author, that true mental growth consists. The knowledge of things must never be sacrificed for the knowledge of words. Language is a necessary means, it is true, but only a means, to an end.*

*In these higher grades, according to the "School Management,"* THE CHIEF OBJECT OF READING IS TO CULTIVATE THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE PUPILS, AND TO ENRICH THEIR MINDS WITH USEFUL INFORMATION. *Good teaching, therefore, demands that the pupil be taught to coördinate his information; that his knowledge and intellectual activity be brought to bear on every new subject; and that his attention be secured by the attractive manner in which the lessons are given. These ends can be attained only when the varied aspects of the subjects are considered, when suggested ideas are discussed, and when the historical, moral and practical bearings of the selections are brought home to the mind of the student.*

*Finally, in order to ascertain the degree of advancement attained, frequent recourse should be had to the art of expression. The ability to appreciate the best in thought is good; but the power to create and express thought is better. Hence the importance of all those exercises in oral and written composition, the frequent short themes, conscientiously corrected, all of which are so well calculated to improve the pupil's power of expression. In this, as in all other arts, it is the practice, and not the theory, that counts. "The only way to learn to write," says Stevenson, "is by writing."*

*It is in this way, by following the course prescribed in this new series of readers, that reading, instead of being a mere utterance of words, will become an intelligent expression of ideas, in which the memory will be exercised, the understanding developed, the will strengthened, the imagination guided, and the spiritual sense cultivated. The youth of our Catholic schools will thus come to realize that "a good book is a very church, with angels lurking among the leaves, as in so many*

*niches;” an image of a good and beautiful life; a visible grace by which God is pleased to comfort the sorrowful, to cheer the despondent, and to impart to the weak the strength to rise higher and higher in their aspirations to the better things of life.*

*Acknowledgments are gratefully made to the following authors, publishers, and owners of copyright, who have courteously granted permission to use the selections which bear their names:*

*Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, Miss Agnes Repplier, Señorita Carolina H. Huidobro, Señora Angela de Costa, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., Mr. Henry Holcomb Bennett, Mr. E. H. Sothern; The New York Herald; Messrs. Bachrach & Brother; Charles Scribner’s Sons; Longmans, Green & Co.; The Whitaker-Ray Co.; Frederick A. Stokes Co., P. J. Kenedy & Sons.*

*The selections from Miss Agnes Repplier, Samuel A. Scudder, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Longfellow, and Hawthorne, are used by permission of, and by special arrangements with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of these authors.*



# CONTENTS



PREFACE		VII
WORDS OF WISDOM		XV
DEFINITIONS		XVII
LOURDES IN 1907	<i>Countess de Courson</i>	3
THE BUGLE SONG	<i>Tennyson</i>	10
WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE	<i>Sir William Jones</i>	11
EXTRACTS FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	12
THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION	<i>George Lippard</i>	19
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	<i>Francis Scott Key</i>	22
THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS	<i>George Lippard</i>	26
OLD ERIN'S NATIVE SHAMROCK	<i>Moore</i>	28
SAINT CECILIA	<i>Dr. John O'Kane Murray</i>	31
A LOST CHORD	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>	36
A PICTURE OF DAWN	<i>Edward Everett</i>	39
THE DIRGE OF THE OLD YEAR	<i>Tennyson</i>	41
ARCHBISHOP HUGHES	<i>Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.</i>	43
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS	<i>Longfellow</i>	48
MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES	<i>Cardinal Wiseman</i>	53
THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER	<i>Anonymous</i>	60
THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE	<i>Herbert Strang</i>	63
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	<i>Rev. Charles Wolfe</i>	66
INDUSTRY	<i>Sir John Lubbock</i>	68
AT FREDERICKSBURG—DECEMBER 13, 1862	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i>	71
THE DIGNITY OF LABOR	<i>Cardinal Gibbons</i>	74

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!	<i>James Ryder Randall</i>	79
THE AMERICAN SAILOR	<i>R. F. Stockton</i>	80
AN ICEBERG	<i>Richard H. Dana, Jr.</i>	83
TO A WATERFOWL	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	86
THREE HEROINES	<i>Agnes Repplier</i>	89
LET IT PASS!		93
JOAN OF ARC	<i>Thomas De Quincey</i>	97
COLUMBUS	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	102
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	<i>Mara L. Pratt</i>	105
THE AMERICAN INDIAN	<i>Charles Sprague</i>	115
TO A SKELETON	<i>Author Unknown</i>	118
THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS	<i>Washington Irving</i>	121
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT	<i>Father Faber</i>	125
VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL	<i>Eleanor C. Donnelly</i>	130
THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON	<i>Edward John Phelps</i>	135
A RIVER IN THE OCEAN	<i>Matthew F. Maury</i>	138
THE CLOUD	<i>Shelley</i>	142
NOT GUILTY	<i>Anonymous</i>	147
THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES	<i>Carolina H. Huidobro</i>	151
THE ARCHERY CONTEST	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	161
SIR GALAHAD	<i>Tennyson</i>	170
ABOUT BOOKS AND HOW TO READ THEM	<i>Ruskin</i>	174
COLUMBIA-SHAMROCK RACE, OCTOBER 4, 1901	<i>The New York Herald</i>	178
THE ESCAPE OF HARVEY BIRCH	<i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	182
MORTALITY	<i>William Knox</i>	188
THE PARDON OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE	<i>Abbé Constant Fouard</i>	190
"I AM THY CHRIST"	<i>Father Ryan</i>	196

A LESSON FROM AGASSIZ	<i>Samuel A. Scudder</i>	198
THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP	<i>Longfellow</i>	203
SLEEPY HOLLOW	<i>Washington Irving</i>	205
THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD	<i>Theodore O'Hara</i>	210
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE	<i>William Collins</i>	214
ELOQUENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL	<i>Wendell Phillips</i>	217
THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX	<i>Robert Browning</i>	221
THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND	<i>Bancroft</i>	226
THE FLAG AND THE CROSS	<i>Author Unknown</i>	230
OLD TICONDEROGA	<i>Hawthorne</i>	233
EXTRACTS FROM "EVANGELINE"	<i>Longfellow</i>	241
SWORD AND SCIMITER	<i>Scott</i>	250
ST. SEBASTIAN, MARTYR	<i>Cardinal Wiseman</i>	255
WATERLOO	<i>Lord Byron</i>	259
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	263
WHAT IS TIME?	<i>William Marsden</i>	271
LIFE AND DEATH	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>	273
CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND	<i>Scott</i>	275
CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON	<i>Charles Philips</i>	276
QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS	<i>Shakespeare</i>	278
THE ART OF SPEAKING	<i>Shakespeare</i>	285
SINCERITY THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE	<i>Goethe</i>	286
AMERICA	<i>Rev. Samuel F. Smith and Dr. Henry Van Dyke</i>	288
THE FLAG GOES BY	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i>	291
LITERARY REVIEW		292
INDEX TO AUTHORS		297
BIOGRAPHIES		299



## WORDS OF WISDOM



"Consult your dictionary. Do not give yourselves the habit of passing over words of whose scope and meaning you are ignorant. Such habit begets a slovenly mode of thinking. The ablest writers and thinkers can but ill dispense with their dictionary. It is a friend that steads them in many a mental perplexity. All assimilation of thought is a process of translation. Every intellect has a certain limited vocabulary of words in which it thinks, and it fully grasps an idea only when it has translated that idea into its own familiar form of expression. If a great aim of reading be mental growth, and if mental growth depend upon accuracy of conception, then it is of primary importance to know, beyond mere guesswork, the precise meaning of the words one reads."

"Books and Reading."

*Brother Azarias*

"Read with a dictionary at your side, and never pass a word whose meaning you do not fully understand."

"Life and Education."

*Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria*

"Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment."

*John Locke*

"If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the world were laid at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all."

*Archbishop Fénelon*



## DEFINITIONS



*Al litera' tion* is the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words in the same line. Example—

“But see! ’mid the fast-flashing lightnings of war,  
What steed in the desert flies frantic and far?”

*Figures of Speech* are intentional deviations from the plain and ordinary mode of expression, with the view of making the meaning more effective.

The following are the most common Figures:

*Sim' ile* or *Compar' i son* is a figure by which one thing is likened or compared to another of a different kind. Examples—The lake sparkles like a jewel. “The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.”

*Met' à phor* is a figure founded upon the likeness which one thing bears to another. It is a sort of abridged Simile. Examples—Habit is a cable. “All the world's a stage.”

*Al' le gory* is a description of one thing under the image of another. It is an extended or continued Metaphor. *Fables* and *Parables* are forms of Allegory. The chief purpose of the Parable is to illustrate and enforce moral and religious teaching. No parables are comparable for excellence to those of Our Lord in the New Testament. Bunyan's “Pilgrim's Progress” is considered the finest Allegory in the literature of any language. In it human life is compared to a journey.

*Antith'esis* is a figure founded on contrast or opposition. Example—The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself.

*Metonymy* is a figure in which one word is put for another that suggests it. Examples—"The pen is mightier than the sword." "Strike for your altars and your fires."

*Synecdoche* (kê) is a figure by which we give to an object a name which literally expresses something more or something less than we intend. Examples—Thirty sail were seen off the coast. His head was whitened by the snows of three score winters.

*Apostrophe* is a figure in which the author or orator turns away from his regular course of thought, and addresses, in the second person, the absent as though present, the inanimate as though animate, the dead as though living. See Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean*, Milton's to *Light*, David's lament over the Death of *Jonathan*.

*Personification* is a figure which attributes life or personality to an inanimate object or to an abstract idea. Example—

"When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there."

*Hyperbole* is a figure by which things are represented to be either greater or less, better or worse, than they really are. Example—

"No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow."

*I'rony* is a figure which consists in ridiculing an object under the pretense of praising it. See Mark Anthony's oration over the body of Cæsar.

*In ter ro ga' tion* is a figure by which we put our views in the form of questions for the purpose of expressing them more positively. Example—"Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof?"

*Ex cla ma' tion* is a figure which expresses a thing strongly by expressing emotion on account of it. Example—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"



HIS EMINENCE  
WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

De La Salle Readers  
BOOK VII



## Lourdes in 1907

Again in 1907, a year painfully memorable in the annals of the Church of France, the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes has been a glorious success. Never was the faith of the multitude more vehemently expressed, and seldom did Our Lady show herself more prodigal of her gifts and graces. From Paris alone started twenty-six trains carrying over twelve thousand pilgrims. Among them were one thousand sick persons, most of whom were absolutely helpless.

Humanly speaking, in many cases the journey undertaken by some of these seems an act of folly; but let us remember that the border line that divides folly from faith is sometimes hard to define. It is a certain fact that the sick people whom Our Lady does *not* cure—and they are the majority—always return happier, more content and peaceful. As one of these once observed, "God's greatest miracles are not those that we see." The spiritual graces that reward the faith of the pilgrims to Lourdes are no less marvelous than the temporal and physical blessings, that appeal more forcibly to our senses.

Among the impressive scenes that take place during the National Pilgrimage, the most striking is the great procession, when the Blessed Sacrament is carried through the crowd and a special blessing bestowed upon each one of the invalids who line the road. The weather this year was singularly beautiful; the glorious mountains stood out clearly against the turquoise sky. Over sixty thousand persons, pilgrims and tourists, were crowded together in the tiny city, whose name,

once unknown, is now a household word throughout the Catholic world. The infirmarians and litter-carriers were at their post, in close attendance upon the sick, who lay on their couches in pathetic rows, awaiting the passage of the great Healer.

It would be impossible to imagine a sadder picture of human suffering. But sights and sounds that elsewhere would be repulsive, at Lourdes serve only to stimulate faith and arouse feelings of loving pity. The sick, the lame, the crippled, the deformed, the blind and the deaf, men and women made hideous by disease, are here the favored pilgrims, the privileged children of Our Lady. Around these unfortunate ones hover ladies and young girls, rich and beautiful, many of them bearing the greatest names in France, who for the time being have but one ambition—to be the servants of the sick. Men in the prime of life, youths full of vigorous health and spirits, from early morning to late at night are busy carrying to and fro their helpless charges.

A group of girls clothed in snow-white dresses attracts our attention. Their emaciated countenances, unnaturally bright eyes and pink cheeks, tell of the dread disease that is slowly but surely sapping away their young lives. Close by is a priest, still in the prime of manhood; his Rosary slips through his thin white fingers, his lips move in prayer. Evidently he too is in the last stage of consumption. To the devoted infirmarian who is watching his every movement, the young priest whispers: "I had hoped to be a missionary, but acceptance of God's will is best. I now desire to offer my life to Him as a sacrifice for the salvation of my country. We will pray for this intention only, not for my cure."

And, a racking cough having interrupted his speech, he added, with a smile: "After all, as you see, I have not much life left to offer."

Slowly the procession draws nearer; it winds along the road that leads from the Basilica to the Grotto: the solemn chant of Latin hymns heralds its approach. The golden monstrance shines like a sun; around it, bishops and priests form a guard of honor. And now, mingling with the grave liturgical hymns, arises the loud cry of thousands of eager souls,—vehement appeals to Heaven, oft-repeated calls upon the all-powerful, all-merciful Son of Mary. For a moment we forget Lourdes and the twentieth-century pilgrims: we are kneeling by the roadside in distant Palestine two thousand years ago; around us are the blind and the lepers; we hear the Roman soldier's humble prayer and the Phœnician mother's trustful petition, as they hang upon the footsteps of the Wonder-Worker of Galilee.

As the Blessed Sacrament stops before each couch, it is piteous to see how the dim, tearful, half-closed eyes gaze upon It with indescribable longing. The wave of prayer now rises like a mighty torrent that truly seems as if it would carry all things before it,—as if it *must* wrest from God the blessings He alone can bestow. Then follow minutes of intense tension. The answer comes,—not alike in every case, but it comes to some, as God knows best, clear, distinct, overpoweringly impressive. We have a vision of crutches cast aside; of frail, tottering figures hurrying forward, protected by the stalwart carriers from the enthusiasm of a too eager multitude. The *Magnificat* breaks upon our ear; its triumphant accents tell us that once more prayer has

conquered; at the call of faith, the laws of nature have been suspended by Him Who made them.

These are the scenes that over and over again are witnessed by the pilgrim to Lourdes. They appeal to his best and deepest feelings; and, once seen, can never be forgotten. The line that divides the visible from the invisible world exists no longer; faith becomes a reality; Our Lord and His Mother are living presences; the soul stands for one brief hour on the threshold of the supernatural.

But when the excitement, the enthusiasm have died away, and only sober reason and sturdy common sense remain, what are the thoughts of the twentieth-century pilgrim? He feels that Lourdes is a marvelous field for the display of generous faith,—a faith almost pathetic in its unshrinking reliance on the divine help; but how will the enthusiasm that burns so brightly in the “land of miracles” stand the test of scientific criticism? The eager crowd may call out, “*A miracle! A miracle!*” The lame, the palsied, may drop their crutches and hurry on in the footsteps of the procession; ulcers may close and vanish; the blind may see and the deaf hear; yet Dr. Boissarie, who is at the head of the Bureau of Authentication, withholds his opinion until the supposed miracle has been sanctioned by time and experience. He was, this year, surrounded by physicians from Canada, Brazil, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Russia, all of whom, with a liberality that even free-thinkers must recognize, he encouraged to watch the cases that claimed his attention. Only when, after a lapse of twelve months, the person cured returns to Lourdes hale and hearty, does the prudent doctor

acknowledge that the cure is the work of a power superior to natural forces and to human science. Thus it happens that during the National Pilgrimage, besides the patients who came to seek relief and health at the blessed shrine, we meet with the privileged ones who gratefully submit to a fresh examination, the result of which is to prove that their cure has stood the test of time and may at last be ranked among the "miracles of Lourdes."

\* \* \*

These are only a few of the many cures that, during the past month of August, helped to stimulate the faith and confidence of Our Lady's devout clients. But what no human eye can penetrate are the hidden graces of light, strength, and consolation that are bestowed upon pilgrims whose bodily infirmities are not taken away. "God knows best!" The trite and matter-of-fact words, so easy to say, so hard to accept, seem to force themselves as a natural conclusion upon the sick and suffering ones from whom the burden of pain has not been lifted. They bring back into their daily lives the same bodily suffering as before; they return lame, paralyzed, blind, as the case may be; but there is in their hearts neither bitterness nor jealousy; and, given the conditions of human nature, is not this the greatest of marvels?

To some Our Lady has given strength to carry the cross; to others, light to grasp its value and meaning. Others return, not completely cured, but with their sufferings alleviated; the pain and infirmity have now become easy to bear. Others, again, are convinced that next year they will be cured; and this joyful anticipation, which in some cases is fully realized, keeps up their

spirits and their hopes. So once more we understand that no prayer is ever lost, ever unheard, although God's answer may be different from what we hope and expect.

Facts such as these, that help us to realize the ever-present, living, all-powerful love of our Blessed Mother, come in times of doubt and darkness as messengers of hope. It is good, when the burden of life presses most heavily, when uncertainty as to the future and regrets concerning the past damp our courage, to feel the close presence of an invisible, supernatural, but very real power; an influence not only powerful but loving; a hand strong but motherly, stretched out to help, to cure, and to save. The Blessed Lady of Lourdes, in her mountain shrine, has given health and strength to countless sufferers; but she is still more prodigal of even greater though invisible gifts,—gifts of light, strength, and comfort, that go far to carry the weary pilgrim over the rough and stony places of life.

From "The Ave Maria."

Countess de Courson



*Words for Study:* trite, ten'sion, turquoise', priv'ileged, Basil'ica, e ma'ciated, li tur'gic al (jĩ kal), Phœnic'ian, in describ'a ble, au then ti ca'tion.

*liturgical*, pertaining to liturgy. The word *liturgy* means a *public work* or service. It is now exclusively applied to the form of ritual or public worship in the Church.

What is a miracle? Who is the "Wonder-Worker of Galilee?" Name some of the "Wonders" He wrought.

What is the *Magnificat*? Give the history of its origin. Recite it.

What is meant by the "Bureau of Authentication?" How does Dr. Boissarie show extreme care and prudence with regard to the miraculous cures reported to him?

What does the selection say is "the greatest of marvels" at Lourdes?

Locate Lourdes. What "glorious mountains" are close by?

On the eleventh of February, 1908, was celebrated the golden jubilee of the great shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. It was on that day, fifty years before, that the vision of Mary Immaculate first broke upon the wondering eyes of Bernadette.

### To the Blessed Virgin

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;  
Thy Image falls to earth.\* Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,

---

\* "The poet here alludes to the decline of Mary's influence in England since the Reformation. But the name and the image of Mary are still cherished in every Catholic heart the world over."

*Brother Azarias*

As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

Wordsworth



*Our tainted nature's solitary boast:* In a written paragraph of about one hundred words, develop the thought contained in this line.

### The Bugle Song

The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O Love, they die in yon rich sky;  
They faint on hill, or field, or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying.  
From "The Princess."

Tennyson

*Elfland*, the land of elves or fairies. In the dying echoes of the bugle, the poet's fancy hears the faint horns of the elves.

*Our echoes*, the responses that we make to the notes of love that "roll from soul to soul." Unlike those of the bugle, these echoes "grow forever and forever."

"At the Lakes of Killarney in Ireland there is a celebrated rock called *Eagle's Nest*, which produces wonderful echoes. A French horn sounded here raises a concert superior to that of a hundred instruments; and the report of a single cannon is answered by a succession of peals which seem to traverse the surrounding scenery, and die away among the distant mountains." It was these echoes that inspired "The Bugle Song."

### What Constitutes a State

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to Pride!

No! *men*, high-minded *men*,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—  
Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain:  
Prevent the long-armed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.  
 These constitute a State;  
 And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

No more shall Freedom smile?  
 Shall Britons languish and be men no more?  
 Since all must life resign,  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'Tis folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

*Sir William Jones*

The truest test of civilization is the kind of men the  
 country turns out. *Emerson*

## The Deserted Village

(*Extracts*)

### I. AUBURN IN PROSPERITY

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed:  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,—  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and weary pilgrims made!  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down;  
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;  
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

## II. AUBURN IN ADVERSITY

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green:  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

### III. A HAPPY PEASANTRY

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay:  
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
 His best companions; innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

### IV. COMMERCE AND ITS TRAIN

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain:  
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

#### V. THE PAST AND PRESENT—A CONTRAST

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled:  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
 She, only, left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

*Oliver Goldsmith*



*Sweet Auburn*: "Lissoy, near Ballymahon, in County Westmeath, claims the honor of being the spot from which the localities of "The Deserted Village" were derived. The church that tops the neighboring hill, the mill and the brook are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by admirers of the bard."

*Sir Walter Scott*

*swain*, a country youth. *remitting*, ceasing for a time.

*bittern*, a bird of the heron family, found only in very lonely places. *plashy*, watery, splashy.

*taught e'en toil to please*: Even a life of toil was enjoyable when labor was broken by such a holiday.

*the tyrant's hand and power*: the landlord's tyranny. The character said to be intended in this phrase was General Robert Napier, an Englishman, who is well remembered to have ruled the village like a tyrant.

*All but yon widowed matron*: This is supposed to apply to a woman named Catherine Geraghty, whom the poet had known in earlier and better days. The brook and ditches near the spot where her "nightly shed" had

stood still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants still live in the village.

Explain the following expressions: "A breath can make them"—"Usurp the land"—"seek a kinder shore."

Find in the given extracts expressions that are examples of Simile, Alliteration, Apostrophe, Personification.

Read the two lines of Extract I that tell you that Auburn has a long spring and summer.

Paraphrase one of the extracts, that is, reproduce it fully and closely, and in your own words.

Read the entire poem. Other parts of it treat of "Disappointment," "Retirement," "The Village Clergyman," "The Village Schoolmaster" "The Village Inn," "Wealth and Poverty," "Emigration," "Effects of Luxury," ending with an "Address to Poetry." It is an excellent example of the use of the prose paragraph in poetry. The breaks in the continuity of the story depends on a change in the thought, not on a definite number of lines.

"The Deserted Village" is one of the most graceful and touchingly sweet poems in the English language, and is remarkable for its classic simplicity. Common words and phrases are freely used. It was published in 1776, the year after our War for Freedom had begun. And statistics prove that nearly one-half of Washington's soldiers were Irishmen, "the shapeless ruins and moldering walls" of whose homes and villages dotted their native Island even at that early day.



Photo by Wallace, Philadelphia

Signing the Declaration of Independence

## The Signing of the Declaration

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

Such is the State House of Philadelphia in the year of Our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick State House, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell; then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The bell keeper was alone. "Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me!" As the word was upon his lips a merry ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face,

and swelling his little chest he raised himself on tiptoe and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it and burst forth in one long shout. Old *Delaware* hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Under that very bell, peeling out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to break the shackles of the world. The committee, who have been out all night, are about to appear. At last the door opens, and they advance to the front. The parchment is laid on the table. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high and stormy debate. Then the faint-hearted cringe in corners. Then Thomas Jefferson speaks his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

Still there is a doubt; and that pale-faced man, rising in one corner, squeaks out something about "axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet." A tall, slender man rises, and his dark eye burns, while his words ring through the halls: "Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land. They may turn every rock into a gibbet, every tree into a gallows; and yet the words written on that parchment can never die. They may pour out our blood on a thousand altars, and yet, from every drop that dyes the ax or drips on the sawdust of the block,

a new martyr to freedom will spring into existence. What! are there shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very dead upon our battlefields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment or be accursed forever?

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! if the next moment this hall ring with the echo of the falling ax. Sign! by all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, as fathers, as men! Sign your names to that parchment!

"Yes! were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth: God has given America to the free. Yes! as I sink down into the gloomy shadow of the grave, with my last breath I would beg of you to sign that parchment."

A wild murmur runs through the hall. There is no doubt now. See how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another, another and another. See how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman. And so was signed our immortal Declaration of Independence.

*George Lippard*



They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame;

Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!

Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,

And the anthem send down, "Independence forever!"

Wake, wake, heart and tongue!

Keep the theme ever young;

Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung,  
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner  
unfurled,

And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

*Charles Sprague*

For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

*Byron*

### The Star-Spangled Banner

Without the inspiring occasion, it is impossible that a national anthem, destined to survive, should be born. From the birth-throes only of a nation's peril, expressed perhaps in the guise of a devoted and enthusiastic patriotism, the nation's anthems have come forth. To which of our national hymns has such an occasion given birth? To one, and one only, which is itself the strongest argument for exalting it above the rest and crystallizing public sentiment in favor of choosing it as the National American hymn—"The Star-Spangled Banner!"

You all know its history—how it was written by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812, or, more accurately speaking, at the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, on September 12, 1814.

From the peril of a desperate occasion (the danger of renewed British domination) his inspiration sprang into being, and, seizing barrel-head for desk, on the blank sheet of a letter, with a piece of lead pencil,

Francis Scott Key wrote those immortal words, at once an apostrophe to the flag and a summary of that battle, the peril and uncertainty of the night, the blessed triumph of the morning.

In times of peace, dear flag, we hail thee! In time of danger, inspired by this anthem, we will gladly rally to thy defense and shed our life's blood, if necessary, in order that we may proudly proclaim, after the heat and hardships of the struggle, "Our flag is still there!"

*Janet E. H. Richards*

Rise high that flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it! Let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it. Southern sons will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation. Flag of our Union! wave on! wave ever! But wave over freemen, not over subjects! Wave over States, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North, and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and send to heaven one universal according chorus. Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression and strife.

*Hon. Benjamin Hill of Georgia*

The silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel. They hold together a united people and a great nation. The South says to the North as simply and as

truly as was said three thousand years ago in that far-away meadow by the side of the mystic sea: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

*Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky*

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
 By angel hands to valor given,  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

*Joseph Rodman Drake of New York*



### The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
 gleaming?  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
 perilous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
 streaming;  
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
 there?  
 Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:  
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution!  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued  
land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust:"  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*Francis Scott Key*

## The Last of the Signers

Come to the window, old man! Come and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying—the year is dying—you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age—once so beautiful in its erect manhood—rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands. Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood with the vigor of mature intellect? Snow-white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light, a mouth molded in an expression of benignity almost divine!

It is the fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man is Charles Carroll of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the chamber to the window, his dark gown contrasting with the purple curtains.

He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six who in the Revolution stood forth undismayed by the ax or gibbet—their mission, the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country—he alone remains! One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last—a trembling column—glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But for the pillar that crumbles there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this

old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one can never be forgotten.

The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound: he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work. All gone but him! Upon the woods dyed with the rainbow of the closing year, upon the stream darkened by masses of shadow, upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips! He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recesses near the window you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels before the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified. There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer,

we will leave him. There where, amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Savior; there where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch. The smile of the Savior was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He smiles on it again—even as His sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

*George Lippard*



*Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1737, and died November 14, 1832. He was an ardent patriot, and a devout Catholic. "I have lived," he said, "to my ninety-sixth year. I have enjoyed continued health. I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world could bestow, but that upon which I now look back with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

### Old Erin's Native Shamrock

Through Erin's Isle to sport awhile,  
As Love and Valor wandered,  
With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squandered;  
Where'er they pass, a triple grass  
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,  
As softly green as emerald seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.

Says Valor, "See, they spring for me,  
 Those leafy gems of morning."  
 Says Love, "No, no, for *me* they grow,  
 My fragrant path adorning."  
 But Wit perceives the triple leaves,  
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever  
 A type that blends three godlike friends,  
 Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"

So firmly fond may last the bond  
 They wove that morn together;  
 And ne'er may fall one drop of gall  
 On Wit's celestial feather;  
 May Love, as twine his flowers divine,  
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;  
 May Valor ne'er his standard rear  
 Against the cause of Freedom!  
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
     Chosen leaf  
     Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

*Moore*



By Naujok

St. Cecilia

## Saint Cecilia

In the early part of the third century there lived at Rome a beautiful girl who belonged to a family illustrious for bravery and genius. She was a native of the imperial city. Her pure countenance reflected the divine beauty of her soul; and grace, modesty, and the continual thought of God's holy presence surrounded her, so to speak, with a mysterious charm. This was St. Cecilia, who, in days of girlhood, had consecrated by vow her virginity to Heaven.

She was now eighteen. The Roman poor knew her charity. Often had they seen her alone in the caves of the martyrs, or perhaps only accompanied by a faithful servant. Her father and mother were pagans, but they respected the religion of their good and lovely daughter. It was the earnest wish of her parents that Cecilia should marry, and they chose for her a distinguished husband. He seemed not unworthy of the honor. Valerian, though still a pagan, possessed at least those natural gifts which prepare the soul for faith, hope and charity.

But who can express the anxious fears of Cecilia? She had offered her heart to God, and He had accepted the precious offering. Could a pagan, however, understand this mystery, and would not this union of the soul with its Creator seem a strange folly to a young man like Valerian, still living in the world of the senses? It must be said she was very unhappy, but she threw herself on the protection of God. She prayed and fasted, and the nearer the wedding day approached the more she increased her devotions and her penances. But the Almighty is always near those who call on Him. He

could not leave His loving child alone and comfortless. In an hour when her sorrow was deepest He revealed to her that He had accepted her generous vow, in token of which He would send from Heaven an angel to guard her chastity.

At length however, the wedding day arrived, and Cecilia, dressed in shining robes of silk and gold, became a bride against the dearest wishes of her heart. When the wedding party broke up she found herself alone with him who was to be her lifelong companion. It was now that she confided to him, as far as she could, the secret of her pure, anxious breast in a conversation, the charm of which has come down to us.

"Valerian," she began, fixing her sweetly brilliant eyes on the attractive young nobleman, "there is a secret that I wish to confide to you. I have a lover, an angel of God, who watches over me with jealous care. If you preserve inviolate my virginity, he will love you as he loves me, and will overpower you with his favors."

Valerian was much astonished, and wished to know this angel.

"You shall see him," said Cecilia, "when you are purified."

"How shall I become so?" asked Valerian.

"Go to Urban," whispered the beautiful Saint. "When the poor hear my name, they will take you to his sanctuary. He will explain to you our mysteries."

Led by an unknown power, the young man consented to go. We know the happy result of this step—his interview with Pope Urban I in the catacombs, his conversion, and his baptism. Still dressed in his white robe, he returned to Cecilia.

Valerian could now understand the love of the angels and its perfect beauty. In future he loved Cecilia with a love that was more than love—as his sister in God, to Whom belong the heart, and soul, and intellect. He understood the value of the soul. Nor is it mere conjecture to say that others loved in those Christian ages as the spiritual and pure-minded Valerian did.

Valerian's brother, Tiburtius, soon sought the residence that was blessed by the presence of our Saint. They did not labor in vain to show him that his gods were only idols. Subdued by the mysterious charm of the Christian virgin, conquered by the eagerness of his brother, Tiburtius also wished to see the angel who watched over Cecilia. If for this it was necessary to be purified, purified he would be; and thus he became the first conquest of Valerian, who had ardently besought Heaven for such a result. Souls such as these were too beautiful for pagan Rome. The governor summoned Valerian and Tiburtius before his tribunal.

"Valerian," said the governor, "your brother's head is evidently crazed; you, I hope, will be able to give me a sensible reply."

"There is only one physician," answered Valerian, "who has deigned to take charge of my brother's head and of mine. He is Christ, the Son of the living God!"

"Come," said the governor, "speak with wisdom."

"Your ear is false," replied Valerian; "you cannot understand our language."

The two young nobles proclaimed their faith in Jesus Christ. Valerian died a hero and martyr. Nor was he forsaken by Tiburtius. Cecilia piously took charge of their bodies, and prepared to follow them on the path to

eternity. Soon she was called to answer for her conduct, but she disconcerted the judge. Before such loveliness, purity, heroism, and innocence, threats and entreaties, utterly failed, and corrupt paganism felt abashed.

The noble young lady, however, received her sentence. She was convicted of loving the poor and of adoring a crucified God, and was instantly confined in the bathroom of her own house. She was to be suffocated in a hot vapor bath. But in the midst of this fiery atmosphere the holy Cecilia remained uninjured.

The stupefied jailers related that they had discovered her singing the praises of God. On hearing this the wrath of the governor knew no bounds. The executioner was summoned. With a trembling hand he inflicted three wounds on the neck of the virgin-martyr, but failed to sever the head. Terrified, he then ran away.

Cecilia, however, lived three days, bathed in her blood and stretched on the flags. The Christians gathered around her. She was able to bid farewell to the poor, to whom she had given all her property. Then, feeling her strength fail, and while Pope Urban was in the act of giving her his blessing, she drew her robe around her, and joyfully gave back to God her bright and beautiful spirit. This memorable event happened about the year 230.

According to her last desire the Pope transformed the house that had witnessed her martyrdom into a church. The bathroom became a chapel, and by its arrangement bears witness to-day to the truth of the Saint's life. One can still see the mouth of the pipes which let in the vapor, covered with a grating; and on the same flags where the Roman virgin expired, the

kneeling Christian can ponder down deep in his heart the example of lofty heroism which the gentle and pure-souled Cecilia gave to the world.

Is it wonderful that such a touching and beautiful story should be repeated, age after age, by poets, painters, and sacred orators? St. Cecilia has been praised by the pen of the Venerable Bede and other illustrious saints. The great St. Thomas Aquinas preached sermons in her honor. Raphael, Rubens, Guido, and Fra Angelico have employed their exquisite genius to picture the divine patroness of music, whose rare soul like a celestial lyre had responded to the faintest inspirations of heaven. For over fifteen centuries her name has been mentioned in the Canon of the Mass—an honor truly extraordinary.

What food for wholesome reflection there is in the short but sublime life of this virgin-martyr! It warns us to lift up our hearts. It points to the skies. Let us, then, know how to turn from the hurry of life and the tinkling sound of human words, and think occasionally of God. It will bring peace to the troubled spirit. Look at the example of this bright and blessed girl. She has known how to find that love and peace and happiness which the world cannot give.

*Dr. John O'Kane Murray*



*Words for Study:* con jec'ture, stu'pe fied, dis concert'ed.

*Saint Cecilia* had a remarkable talent for music, wrote many hymns, and is said to have invented the organ. She is the patroness of sacred music.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame.  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added strength to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

From "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

*John Dryden*

### A Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great "Amen."

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought,—but I seek it vainly,—  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand "Amen."

*Adelaide A. Procter*

From "Complete Edition of Poems."

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, Publishers.



*har mo'ni ous*, agreeing musically.  
*chord*, a combination of harmonious tones.  
*dis cord' ant*, not harmonious.  
*loath*, unwilling.

Where does the poet carry us in thought when she speaks of being "seated one day at the organ?"

Why do we associate the organ with the church?

What lines of the poem recall Congreve's line, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast?"

A *paradox* is a statement or sentiment that apparently contradicts itself. Explain the line, "It seemed the *harmonious* echo from our *discordant* life."

When does the poet hope to hear again "That one lost chord divine?"

"A Lost Chord" is a sweet lyric in which the finite is seeking the infinite. Sir Arthur Sullivan has arranged it for voice and piano.

### The Lord's Prayer

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes:

A filial spirit—"Father;"

A Catholic spirit—"Our Father;"

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be Thy name;"

A missionary spirit—"Thy Kingdom come;"

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done;"

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread;"

A penitent spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses;"

A forgiving spirit—"As we forgive those who trespass against us;"

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Amen.

## A Picture of Dawn

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist.

The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the spectacle as I entered the train. But soon the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together, but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the

sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the in-flowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

Edward Everett



*Words for Study:* zē'nith, con'cave, per cep'ti ble, constel la'tions. *whist*, still, quiet, hushed.

*Ju'pi ter*, the largest of the planets. Explain: "Jupiter was the herald of the day."

*Pleiades* (plē'yà dēz), a group of seven small stars in the neck of Taurus, six of which are visible to the naked eye.

*Ly'ra* and *An drom'e da*, two stars in the northern heavens.

*Pointers*, the two stars in the bowl of the Dipper farthest removed from the handle. They *point* to the North Star.

*Imagery* (ĩm'ăj rŷ), elegant decoration of spoken or written language by means of figures of speech; vivid descriptions suggesting ideal *images* of sensible objects to the mind. Note the wealth of beautiful imagery throughout the selection. Find in it examples of Simile, Metaphor, Personification.

Note.—The selection is an extract from an address on the "Uses of Astronomy," delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, New York, in the year of 1858.

### The Dirge of the Old Year

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light.  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out; ring out my mournful rimes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

From "In Memoriam."

Tennyson



What things does Tennyson hope will die with the old year? What does he wish to replace them?

*The faithless coldness of the times:* Religious indifference.

Explain the phrase, "civic slander."

*The narrowing lust of gold:* Avarice.

Explain—"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more."

*the thousand years of peace:* The Millennium is the period of a *thousand years* mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse, during which peace and holiness will reign triumphant throughout the world. See "The Catholic Dictionary."

Memorize the poem. What do you notice unusual in the arrangement of the rimed lines?

Note.—Tennyson wrote *In Memoriam* in memory of one of the sons of Henry Hallam, the eminent English historian.

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

*Chalmers*

## Archbishop Hughes

Archbishop Hughes was a self-made man, one of a class for which our country is remarkable. Our institutions, which foster and develop individualism, putting no limit to the aspirations or the possibilities of natural ability or genius, are the nursing mother of men like Hughes,—men of grit, of courage, of talent, and of perseverance. He rose by sheer strength of character and natural genius from the lowest to the highest rank.

Everything was against him when he landed on our

shores. His race and religion were despised. He had very little education, no money, and no powerful friends. He began as a day-laborer in the fields and on the roadside. Almost without friends he succeeded; he persisted. He had formed a purpose and he would realize it. He studied; he prayed. With God and manly courage he conquered every difficulty.

He had the faith, the valor, the irrepressibility, and the piety of the old Irish race. His piety led him into the sanctuary; but if he had not become a priest, there was material in him to make a great general, a great lawyer, a great politician, or a great statesman. If he had not become a bishop, he would have ranked in another career with other distinguished men of his race, with General Sheridan, Marshal Nugent, Count Taaffe, O'Connell, O'Donnell, or O'Connor. He was physically as brave and as daring as the gallant soldier who made the wonderful ride down the Shenandoah valley. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he would have probably been made Pope, and ranked with Gregory VII or Alexander III.

He would never have yielded to the despotism of a king or to the violence of a mob. The mob might kill him, but he would die with his face to the foe. He would not have been merely passive in a fight; his courage was active and aggressive. If the "Know-Nothings" had dared to carry out their threats, the archbishop himself would have planned and led the defense of his people and of his Church. He would never be found in the rear of a battle. With what a soldier's eye he followed the fights of the Civil War, and with what Napoleonic

intuition he saw the strong and the weak points of the campaigns of our generals!

He had the diplomatic talent of a Richelieu. Secretary Seward, who was himself a clever statesman, recognizing his power and influence, saw in Archbishop Hughes an equal, if not a superior, to himself in the art of governing men. No one did more than the first Catholic Archbishop of New York for our country in her hour of peril, by his influence both at home and abroad. Let us hope that some day our grateful citizens, remembering his patriotism and all his services to his country, will erect to his memory a statue to perpetuate his fame. It should be erected near that of his friends, the great secretary of state, Seward, and the great war-president, Lincoln. Less worthy citizens have received this homage after their death.

But whatever our citizens or the State may do to keep his memory green, the Catholic Church in America, and especially in New York, will never forget his invaluable service. He found her on the ground, despised and dejected. He lifted her up and made her respectable. She was looked upon as the despised sect of foreign immigrants; he made her respected and feared. How he fought, and how he despised, and how he struck those who assailed her! He stood in front, like a giant, dealing death-blows to prejudice and bigotry. He exposed them to public contempt and ridicule by his trenchant logic, his cutting sarcasm, and his clear statement of the truth. He fought for God, his Church, and his country. If he did not succeed in everything, his failures were few. He failed to secure the blessings of religious education for the children of the public schools.

But his arguments in this cause live after him, and have never been answered.

He was a man both feared and loved; but no one hated or could hate him. Even those who feared him, admired him. He was so open, so just, so fair, so impartial, and so manly in his fight for what he thought right. I crossed the ocean with him in 1862. I was then a young priest, returning home from the Eternal City. He was coming back after his mission to Europe, where he had done so much to keep France and England from recognizing the Southern Confederacy. I remember how he used to stand in the evening in some sheltered spot, surrounded by a group of passengers anxious to catch a word from his lips. Every one listened to him as to a chief, a leader, an oracle. He stood among the passengers like one born to command. He seemed the owner of the vessel, and he looked as if he could command the very waves. I remember how he defended our national Government from some who were criticising it; how warmly he praised our free institutions, showed the error of the Southern secession, and the necessity of sticking to the Union. His voice was clear, his manner quiet, but his words were forcible, and silenced the critic.

The free institutions of America were almost as dear to him as his Christian faith. Take him all in all he was not only the greatest prelate the Catholic Church in America has ever had, but he was as great and as good a citizen as ever deserved well of the American republic. Let her do him honor!

*Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.*

*Words for Study:* trench'ant, des'potism, intu'ition, per pet'u ate, in di vid'u alism, ir re press i bil'i ty.

*The Know-Nothings* were a secret political party whose sole object was to oppose Catholics in every way, and prevent Catholic citizens of Irish birth from holding public office. The party was organized in 1853 and existed for about three years. They burned several Catholic churches, and were the cause of many bloody riots. They threatened to burn and destroy St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott St., New York, but hastily changed their minds when they learned of the hot reception prepared for them by Archbishop Hughes and the men of the parish.

*Richelieu*, cardinal and duke, eminent French statesman, and for many years Minister of State under Louis XIII (1585-1642).

His deeds are stars to light our path;  
His fame, a glory born of heaven;  
His life, an arc of rounded toil  
To God and country freely given.

*Dr. Thomas O'Hagan*

Catholicity—thank Heaven!—is not fashionable. It is the religion of the poor, the humble and ignorant; but its detractors forget that, being universal, it is also the faith of princes, the rich and the intellectual.

*John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie)*

The Wreck of the *Hesperus*

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;  
O say, what may it be?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;  
O say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;  
O say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow,  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, Who stilled the waves  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Longfellow



*flaw*, a sudden gust of wind.

*Spanish Main*, the name formerly given to the southern portion of the Caribbean Sea, together with the contiguous coast, embracing the route traversed by Spanish treasure ships from the New to the Old World.

*Norman's Woe*, a reef off the coast of Cape Ann, near the city of Gloucester (glös' ter).

Read the lines of the poem that describe the skipper's "little daughter." What figure of speech does the author use to make the description more effective?

Read other lines of the poem in which the same figure is used, and explain the resemblance.

Write a short paragraph describing the skipper, and another telling in your own words what a fisherman saw "At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach."

"The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" is an *historic* as well as an *imaginative* composition. Tell what this means.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it.

Charles Dickens



St. Agnes

## Martyrdom of St. Agnes

Over the first part of the martyr's trials we cast a veil of silence, though ancient Fathers, and the Church in her offices, dwell upon it, as doubling her crown. Suffice it to say, that her angel protected her from harm; and that the purity of her presence converted a den of infamy into a holy and lovely sanctuary. It was still early in the morning when she stood again before the tribunal of the Prefect, in the Roman Forum; unchanged and unscathed, without a blush upon her smiling countenance, or a pang of sorrow in her innocent heart. Only her unshorn hair, the symbol of virginity, which had been let loose, flowed down, in golden waves, upon her snow-white dress.

It was a lovely morning. Many will remember it to have been a beautiful day on its anniversary, as they have walked out of the Porta Pia, towards the church which bears our virgin-martyr's name, to see blessed upon her altar the two lambs, from whose wool are made the palliums sent by the Pope to the archbishops of the world. Already the almond trees are hoary, not with frost, but with blossoms; the earth is being loosened round the vines, and spring seems latent in the swelling buds, which are watching for the signal from the southern breeze to burst and expand. The atmosphere, rising into a cloudless sky, has just that temperature that one loves, of a sun, already vigorous, not heating, but softening, the slightly frosty air. Such we have frequently experienced St. Agnes's day, together with joyful thousands, hastening to her shrine.

The judge was sitting in the open Forum, and a suf-

ficient crowd formed a circle round the charmed space, which few, save Christians, loved to enter. Among the spectators were two whose appearance attracted general attention; they stood opposite each other, at the ends of the semicircle formed by the multitude. One was a youth, enveloped in his toga, with a slouching hat over his eyes, so that his features could not be distinguished. The other was a lady of aristocratic mien, tall and erect, such as one does not expect to meet on such an occasion. Wrapped close about her, and so ample as to veil her from head to foot, like the beautiful ancient statue known among artists by the name of Modesty, she had a scarf or mantle of Indian workmanship, woven in richest pattern of crimson, purple, and gold, a garment truly imperial, and less suitable than even female presence to this place of doom and blood. A slave or servant of superior class attended her, carefully veiled also, like her mistress. The lady's mind seemed intent on one only object, as she stood immovable, leaning with her elbow on a marble post.

Agnes was introduced by her guards into the open space, and stood intrepid, facing the tribunal. Her thoughts seemed to be far away; and she took no notice even of those two who, till she appeared, had been objects of universal observation.

"Why is she unfettered?" asked the Prefect angrily.

"She does not need it, she walks so readily," answered Catulus; "and she is so young."

"But she is obstinate as the oldest. Put manacles on her hands at once."

The executioner turned over a quantity of such prison ornaments,—to Christian eyes really such,—and at

length selected a pair as light and small as he could find, and placed them around her wrists. Agnes playfully, and with a smile, shook her hands, and they fell, like St. Paul's viper, clattering at her feet.

"They are the smallest we have, sir," said the softened executioner; "one so young ought to wear other bracelets."

"Silence, man!" rejoined the exasperated judge, who, turning to the prisoner, said, in a blander tone—

"Agnes, I pity thy youth, thy station, and the bad education thou hast received. I desire, if possible, to save thee. Think better while thou hast time. Renounce the false and pernicious maxims of Christianity, obey the Imperial Edicts, and sacrifice to the gods."

"It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. My resolution is unalterable. I despise thy false divinities, and can only love and serve the one living God."

"I waste time, I see," said the impatient Prefect, who saw symptoms of compassion rising in the multitude. "Secretary, write the sentence. We condemn Agnes, for contempt of the Imperial Edicts, to be punished by the sword. And let it be carried into effect here and at once."

Agnes raised for one moment her hands and eyes to heaven, then calmly knelt down. With her own hands she drew forward her silken hair over her head, and exposed her neck to the blow. A pause ensued, for the executioner was trembling with emotion, and could not wield his sword. As the child knelt alone, in her white robe, with her head inclined, her arms modestly crossed upon her bosom, and her amber locks hanging almost to the ground, and veiling her features, she might have been compared to some rare plant, of which the slender

stalk, white as the lily, bent with the luxuriancy of its golden blossom.

The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bade him at once do his duty. The man passed the back of his rough left hand across his eyes as he raised his sword. It was seen to flash for an instant in the air; and the next moment flower and stem were lying scarcely displaced on the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that minute dyed into a rich crimson—washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The man on the judge's right hand had looked with unflinching eye upon the stroke, and his lip curled in a wicked triumph over the fallen. The lady opposite had turned away her head, till the murmur, that follows a suppressed breath in a crowd, told her all was over. She then boldly advanced forward, unwound from round her person her splendid brocaded mantle, and stretched it, as a pall, over the mangled body. A burst of applause followed this graceful act of womanly feeling, as the lady stood, now in the garb of deepest mourning, before the tribunal.

"Sir," she said, in a tone clear and distinct, but full of emotion, "grant me one petition. Let not the rude hands of your servants again touch and profane the hallowed remains of her whom I have loved more than anything on earth; but let me bear them hence to the sepulcher of her fathers; for she was noble as she was good."

Tertullus was manifestly irritated, as he replied, "Madam, whoever you may be, your request cannot be granted. Catulus, see that the body be cast, as usual, into the river, or burnt."

"I entreat you, sir," the lady earnestly insisted, "by every claim which female virtue has upon you, by any tear which a mother has shed over you, by every soothing word which a sister has ever spoken to you, in illness or sorrow; by every ministration of their gentle hands, I implore you to grant my humble prayer."

Such common sympathy was manifested, that Tertullus, anxious to check it, asked her sharply—

"Pray, are you, too, a Christian?"

She hesitated for one instant, then replied, "No, sir, I am not; but I own that if anything could make me one, it would be what I have seen this day."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that to preserve the religion of the empire such beings as she whom you have slain should have to die, while monsters who disgrace the shape and name of man should have to live and flourish. Oh, sir, you know not what you have blotted out from earth this day! She was the purest, sweetest, holiest thing I ever knew upon it, the very flower of womanhood, though yet a child. And she might have lived yet, had she not scorned the proffered hand of a vile adventurer who pursued her with his loathsome offers into the seclusion of her villa, into the sanctuary of her home, and even into the last retreat of her dungeon. For this she died, that she would not endow with her wealth, and ennoble by her alliance, that Asiatic spy."

She pointed with calm scorn at Fulvius, who bounded forward, and exclaimed with fury: "She lies, foully lies, sir. Agnes openly confessed herself a Christian."

"Bear with me, sir," replied the lady, with noble dignity, "while I convict him; and look on his face for proof

of what I say. Didst thou not, Fulvius, early this morning, seek that gentle child in her cell, and deliberately tell her (for unseen, I heard you) that if she would but accept thy hand, not only wouldst thou save her life, but despising the 'imperial commands, secure her still remaining a Christian?"

Fulvius stood, pale as death: *stood*, as one does for a moment who is shot through the heart, or struck by lightning. He looked like a man on whom sentence is going to be pronounced—not of death, but of eternal pilory, as the judge addressed him, saying—

"Fulvius, thy very look confirms this grievous charge. I could arraign thee on it, for thy head, at once. But take my counsel, begone hence forever. Flee, and hide thyself, after such villainy, from the indignation of all just men, and from the vengeance of the gods. Show not thy face again here, nor in the Forum, nor in any public place of Rome. If this lady pleases, even now I will take her deposition against thee. Pray, madam," he asked most respectfully, "may I have the honor of knowing your name?"

"Fabiola," she replied.

The judge was now all complacency. "I have often heard of you, madam," he said, "and of your high accomplishments and exalted virtues. You are, moreover, nearly allied to this victim of treachery, and have a right to claim her body. It is at your disposal."

Fabiola gracefully thanked the Prefect, and beckoned to Syra, who attended her. The servant again made a signal to some one else; and presently four slaves appeared bearing a lady's litter. Fabiola would allow no one but herself and Syra to raise the relics from the

ground, place them on the litter, and cover them with their precious pall. "Bear this treasure to its own home," she said, and followed as mourner with her maid.

*Cardinal Wiseman*

From "Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs."



*Words for Study:* al lied', suf fice', un scathed', la'tent, e' dicts, symp' toms, en sued', prof' fered, ar raign', venge' ance, pal' li ums, man' a cles, bro cad' ed, al li' ance, pil' lory, vil' lainy, exas' perated, sec' retary, deposi' tion, com pla' cen cy, lux u' ri an cy, de lib' er ate ly.

*Roman Forum*, a public place in Rome around which were the courts of justice.

*anniver' sary*, the annual return of the day on which some great event is celebrated. The Feast Day of St. Agnes is January 21st.

*immovable*, that which cannot be moved. Prefix *im-*, *in-* = not. Suffix *-able*, *-ible* = *able to be; that can be*. Pronounce the following words and tell what they mean: impassible, impressible, imperceptible, impassable, immutable, impeccable, incurable, inconsolable, inexcusable, indelible, inaudible, incredible.

*aristocrat' ic mien*, high, noble bearing.

*Indian workmanship*, made or manufactured in India.

*litter*, a stretcher for carrying a sick or wounded person.

*symptoms*: Give four synonyms of this word.

"Den of infamy converted into a *holy and lovely sanctuary*:" On this site is now located the Church of St. Agnes, one of the loveliest and most beautiful in Rome.

*semicircle*—prefix *semi*-, meaning half, + *circle*. The prefix *hemi*- has the same meaning; as *hemisphere*, meaning half of a *sphere* or globe. Consult the dictionary for other words of like formation.

"*St. Paul's viper*." For the history of this Scriptural allusion, see chapter 28 of the "Acts of the Apostles."

St. Agnes, sweet patroness, teach us to follow  
 The footsteps of Him whom thy young heart loved  
 best,  
 That after life's nighttime of tears and of sorrow  
 May dawn a glad morning of peace and of rest.  
 With scorn thou didst look upon earthly ambition,  
 And long from its fettering links to be free;  
 It seemed in thy sight but a vain apparition—  
 The real, the true One was waiting for thee.  
 From "The Ave Maria." E. V. M. Bulger

### The Legend of St. Christopher

"I serve the strongest!" So spake Offerus,  
 A mighty giant of the olden time,  
 Who, striding forth from out the savage wilds  
 Of Scythia, gazed down with scorn upon  
 The puny Southrons. Seven full feet in height,  
 With brawny shoulders, limbs of rugged strength,  
 His arms with muscles knotted like tough steel,  
 In one huge hand he bore a sappling pine.

\* \* \*

A hermit came,  
 A holy man of God, and full of heavenly love,  
 And he expounded to the giant Christian faith.

Low bowed he to the hermit, filled with awe,  
For he at last had found the perfect strength  
He had so blindly worshiped. "Good, my lord,"—  
He spake right humbly, "tell me what to do  
To gain this Heaven and find this mighty King  
Who conquered Death and Hell. Him will I serve,  
No other." "Go, give thyself  
To do with all thy heart some holy work.  
Behold yon river. Go, thou art strong,  
Bear weary pilgrims o'er from bank to bank;  
So shalt thou serve the Master." At the word  
Up rose good Offerus in his giant strength.  
"Good: that shall be my labor; willingly  
I'll please the Savior thus."

When weary years  
Had passed, and on the aged giant's head  
Rested but snow-white locks, and few of those;  
What time the winter blast drove snow and ice  
Before it, and the raging swollen flood  
Roared past his humble dwelling, Offerus  
Heard in the night a little, plaintive voice  
Call from the other side: "Oh, good, tall Offerus,  
Come, carry me across!" So forth he went,  
And, without one low murmur, grasping fast  
His pine-tree staff, he plunged into the flood.  
There, on the other brink, there stood a child,  
A sweet, fair boy, with bowing golden curls,  
In his left hand the standard of the Lamb,  
And in his right a globe. Right easily  
The giant placed him on his shoulder; but  
Once entered in the river, that fair child

Weighed on him strangely. Fiercer grew the storm,  
The ice-cold water chilled him to the heart,  
And ever heavier grew the wondrous child.  
Great drops of sweat stood on the giant's brow  
When on the shore he gently placed the boy.

“Fear not thou, good soul,  
Nor marvel at the trembling of thy limbs.  
Rather rejoice, for thou hast borne across  
The Savior of the world. Thou art forgiven  
For all thy sins, and Offerus no more  
Shalt thou be called, but Christopher. Now plant  
Close by the stream thy pine-tree staff, so long  
Withered and lifeless; it shall put forth leaves,  
And bud and blossom. Such shall be the sign.”  
The Christ-child vanished in a beaming light;  
But the old giant, folding each on each  
His massive hands, lifted his eyes and prayed:  
“My Master, Christ! I feel my end draws nigh.  
My limbs are weak, my strength is gone, but Thou  
Hast washed me clean—my blessed Lord and God!”  
So, on the morrow from the pine-tree staff  
Burst leaves and flowers and almonds. The third day,  
Around that hut upon the sedgy bank,  
Legions of angels stood with folded wings  
And holy, loving eyes. With songs of joy  
They bore good Christopher away, to meet  
His Lord in Paradise.

*Anonymous*

*Offerus, bearer, a pagan giant of Scythia. According to the legend, he made a vow to serve the strongest, and finding that the Emperor feared the devil, and that*

the devil would not pass by a cross on the roadside because he feared "Christ, the Son of Mary," he left their service for that of Christ. He employed himself in carrying pilgrims across a river. One night he carried over a small child who weighed so heavily upon him that he nearly bore him down. The child was Christ, and He gave his servant the name of Christopher, *Christ-bearer*.

### The Death of Sir John Moore

Napoleon had overrun Spain with some 250,000 men, and had defeated all the Spanish armies that opposed him. At this critical moment in the history of Spain, Sir John Moore, who had landed in the peninsula with a small British army, about 30,000 strong, conceived the bold project of marching on Salamanca, and thus threatening Napoleon's line of communication with France,—whence he drew all his supplies and ammunition. The effect was almost magical. Napoleon was compelled instantly to stay the march of his immense armies, while at the head of over 80,000 of his finest troops, he hurled himself at the intrepid Moore. The latter, thus assailed by overwhelming numbers, was forced to order a retreat on his base at Corunna,—a movement which he conducted successfully, despite the terrible privations of a rapid march of 250 miles in mid-winter through a desolate and mountainous country, with insufficient transport and inadequate staff arrangements.

Thrice during the retreat he turned to bay, and thrice did he severely handle his pursuers. Finally, at Corunna, after embarking his sick and wounded, he fought,

January 16, 1809, the memorable battle of that name, and inflicted on the French such heavy losses that his army was enabled to reëmbark and sail for England with but little further molestation. The gallant Moore himself was mortally wounded, and died the same night.

From a very interesting story by Mr. Herbert Strang, entitled "The Last Fight of Sir John Moore," and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London, the following graphic account of Sir John's death is taken:

"Jack, who had been sent with a message to the Commander in chief, at last caught sight of three officers on his left, galloping towards him on the crest of the hill. In the leading horseman, mounted on a cream-colored charger with black tail and mane, he instantly recognized Sir John Moore; the others were officers of the staff. Jack had eyes only for the general as the well-known figure swept up at headlong speed to within a few yards of the spot where he had halted, then suddenly drew rein, throwing the gallant charger upon its haunches. Jack never forgot the picture of horse and rider at this moment; the charger snorting with excitement, its eyes dilated, its ears pointed forward, its hoofs plowing deep furrows in the soft earth; the rider, with eyes fixed searchingly upon the enemy, seeming to keep his seat without conscious effort, his whole being concentrated in the lightning glance with which he took in every detail of the fight.

"Jack trotted up, saluted, and delivered his message. Sir John seemed too much preoccupied to notice who his informant was. After an instant's reflection he said: 'Follow me, sir; I shall probably have a message for

General Paget in the course of a few minutes.' Then, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped down the hill towards the village of Elvina, which the 50th regiment, commanded by Major Charles Napier, was making a desperate effort to retake. They drove the enemy at the point of the bayonet through the village street and beyond some stone walls on the outskirts; but there the French rallied, and, being reënforced from the slopes above, again advanced, capturing Major Napier, who was desperately wounded, and pressing hard upon the 50th regiment and the Black Watch, both of which were running short of ammunition. The 42nd, mistaking an order, began to retire. Then the Commander in chief rode up and, addressing them, said: 'Men of the 42nd, you have still your bayonets. Remember Egypt! Remember Scotland! Come on, my gallant countrymen!'

"With a cheer the Black Watch returned to the attack. Moore followed the brilliant charge with kindling eyes. 'Splendid fellows!' he exclaimed. He was just turning to give Jack the promised message when a cannon-shot struck him to the ground. For one brief moment it might almost have been thought that the hurt was a trivial one, for the General, raising himself upon his right arm, continued to gaze eagerly and with a look of noble pride upon the struggle beneath. It was not till the success of his troops was assured that he sank back and allowed himself to be removed from the field. Four soldiers carried him tenderly in a blanket to the rear. No doctor was needed to tell the grief-stricken bearers that the wound was mortal. They bore him to a house in the town; as he lay dying his mind was filled with his country and the commanders who had served him and

England so well during the bitter days of the retreat. He left messages for all his friends, and in the midst of his agony mentioned for promotion several officers whose gallantry in the field he had noticed. He bore his dreadful sufferings without a murmur. Only when he dictated a last message to his aged mother did he show signs of breaking down. And thus, nobly as he had lived, when night had stilled the sounds of war and the stars blinked over the awful field, the great soldier passed away.

"When Jack, sad at heart, regained his regiment, he brought back no message from the Commander-in-chief. What the message would have been he could only guess. Sadly the army retired into its lines at Corunna; and as the last shot from the French guns boomed across the valley, and the watch-fires of the British pickets broke into flame on the heights, the body of the noble Moore was laid to rest in the citadel, simply, peacefully, without pomp, amid a reverent silence."

### The Burial of Sir John Moore

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;  
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory!

*Rev. Charles Wolfe*

*corse*, corpse, body. *reck*, care, heed,

What beautiful comparison is made in stanza 3?

In reading four-lined, alternately rimed poetry, like this poem, it is easy to slip into a "sing-song" tone. The whole poem should be read slowly. Why?

Paraphrase the first stanza.

Lord Byron pronounced this the most perfect ode in the English language. Memorize it.

## Industry

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro de' Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero said that what was required was first, audacity, second audacity, and third audacity. Self-

confidence is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what was wanted was first perseverance, second perseverance, and third perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven." Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties: you must either use them or lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every work that he began, \* \* \* he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. 'Genius,' President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, 'is the power of making efforts.'"

Cobbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to pur-

chase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that.

"Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me: I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was two-pence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to hardly be able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!

"And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world a youth to find an excuse for nonperformance?"

*Sir John Lubbock*



*au dac' i ty*, daring spirit, resolution.

*made shift*, managed.

*Pie' tro de' Medici* (med' e chē), ruler of the Republic of Florence; born 1471, died 1503. He was the eldest son of Lorenzo, surnamed *The Magnificent*, who was born in 1448 and died 1492. The family of the Medici were famous patrons of art and literature.

*Michael Angelo*, a great Italian painter and sculptor, born 1475, died 1564.

*Sen' eca*, a Roman philosopher, who lived in the first century.

*Cic' ero*, a great Roman orator, who died in the year 43 B. C.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson*, a learned Englishman, born 1709, died 1784.

*Hezeki' ah*, Ezechias, a king of Juda.

Write a letter of application for work in answer to the following advertisement: Wanted—A bright, active, reliable boy, a fair penman, quick at figures, and not afraid of hard work. Address Emigrants' Industrial Savings Bank, New York City.

### At Fredericksburg—December 13, 1862

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,  
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;  
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,  
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.  
The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;  
The work must be done by a desperate few;  
The black-mouthèd guns on the height give them greet-  
ing—  
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.

Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them  
Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade—  
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them  
Of all the brave record their country has made.

The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;  
 They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths  
     are dumb;  
 The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,  
 And cover the stormers as upward they come.

Was ever a death-march so grand or so solemn?  
 At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;  
 The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,  
 That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.  
 The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:  
 The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.  
 Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing  
 The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.

And so till full noon come the Federal masses—  
 Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;  
 Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,  
 No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.  
 Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,  
 The green of the hillside no longer is seen;  
 The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,  
 The earthworks still held by the badges of green.

Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are  
     forming—  
 Again comes a column to death and defeat!  
 What is it in these who shall now do the storming  
 That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?  
 "O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,  
 As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;  
 "'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green  
     clover;  
 'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"

Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,  
 With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the  
 hill!  
 Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;  
 But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.  
 Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" the rifles  
 Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:  
 It is green against green, but a principle stifles  
 The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.

The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;  
 In front of the guns they re-form and attack;  
 Six times they have done it, and six times retreated;  
 Twelve hundred they came and two hundred go back.  
 Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story;  
 The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;  
 A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory  
 That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,  
 Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;  
 And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—  
 Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.  
 The quarrel is done—God avert such another;  
 The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:  
 Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,  
 No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

*John Boyle O'Reilly*



*Gorgon*, a fabled monster so frightful in appearance  
 as to turn the beholder to stone.

*Fredericksburg*: The battle of Fredericksburg, Va., was

fought on Saturday, December 13, 1862, and was one of the bloodiest battles of our Civil War. The Union troops, under General Burnside, numbered 100,000 men; those of the South, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, were 80,000 strong. It resulted in a victory for the South. The Northern troops suffered a loss of about 13,000 men in all; the loss of the South was only about one-third of this number. "Where are your men, General Meagher?" asked General Franklin, as two hundred out of twelve hundred stood on parade after the bloody fight. "You will find them, General Franklin," Meagher replied, "dead in front of the enemy's ramparts with the green shamrocks in their caps."

### The Dignity of Labor

The Redeemer of mankind has never conferred a greater temporal blessing on the human race than by ennobling and sanctifying labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation that has been branded upon it. He is ushered into the world not environed by the splendor of imperial majesty, nor attended by the force of mighty legions. He comes as the reputed child of an artisan, and the days of His boyhood and early manhood are spent in a mechanic's shop.

The primeval curse attached to labor has been obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. He has shed a halo around the workshop, and has lightened the mechanic's tools by assuming the trade of an artisan. If the profession of a general, a jurist, a statesman and a prelate is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, a Burke and a Carroll, how much more is the

calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ! I cannot conceive any thought better calculated to ease the yoke and to lighten the burden of the Christian toiler than the reflection that the highest type of manhood had voluntarily devoted Himself to manual labor.

Labor is honorable on other grounds. It contributes to the prosperity of the country, and whatever conduces to a nation's welfare is most worthy of commendation. It is not the office or occupation that dignifies the man, but it is the man that dignifies the office.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

*Pope's Essay on Man*

Cincinnatus lent dignity to agriculture by working at the plow; Caligula, by an infamous life, degraded the crown and imperial purple.

De Tocqueville could not pay a juster and more beautiful tribute of praise to the genius of our country than when he wrote in 1835 that every honest occupation in the United States was honorable. The honest, industrious man is honored among us, whether he work with his hands or with his brains, because he is an indispensable factor in the nation's progress. He is the bee in the social hive; he is the benefactor of his race, because he is always producing something for the common weal.

God bless the noble workingmen,  
Who rear the cities of the plain,  
Who dig the mines and build the ships,  
And drive the commerce of the main.  
God bless them! for their swarthy hands  
Have wrought the glory of our lands.



©Backrack Bros.

Brown Bros. Photo

Cardinal Gibbons

As an evidence of the esteem in which the thrifty son of toil is held among us, we see from daily observation that the humblest avocations of life are no bar whatever to the highest preferment in the Commonwealth, when talent and ability are allied to patient industry. Franklin was a printer; President Lincoln's youthful days were spent in wielding the ax and in handling the plow on his father's farm. President Johnson in his boyhood was apprenticed to a tailor. Grant was the son of a tanner, and Garfield once drove a canal boat. These examples are given not to excite a morbid and feverish ambition in the heart of the laborer or the artisan, but to illustrate the truth that no stain is affixed to the lowliest pursuits of life.

In honoring and upholding labor, the nation is strengthening its own hands as well as paying a tribute to worth. For a contented and happy working class are the best safeguard of the Republic, while ill-paid and discontented laborers, like the starving and enslaved populace of Rome in the time of Augustus Cæsar, would be a constant menace and reproach to the country.

Labor has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England. From "Our Christian Heritage." *Cardinal Gibbons*



*Words for Study:* il lus'trate, en vi'roned, par'a mount,

avoca'tions, deg'rada'tion, in dispen'sa'ble, oblit'ered.

*prime'val*, belonging to the *first ages*; original.

What is the topic or central thought in the last paragraph of the selection? In the paragraph before the last? Why are they made separate paragraphs? Master the main thought and the subordinate thoughts in each, and express them all in two paragraphs of your own composing. In a third paragraph, tell what lessons you have learned from the study of the entire selection.

*Taney* (tə'nī), Roger B., a distinguished American jurist, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a prominent member of the Catholic Church, was born in Maryland in the year 1777, and died in 1864.

*Burke*, Edmund, a great statesman and orator, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1729, died 1797.

*Carroll*, Most Reverend John, first Archbishop of Baltimore, born in Maryland in 1735, died 1815. He was a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

*Cincinnā'tus*, a celebrated Roman patriot and dictator, lived between the years 519 and 439 B. C. He left the plow to serve his country, and when he had destroyed or scattered the enemies of Rome, he returned to the cultivation of his farm. Lord Byron calls Washington "The Cincinnatus of the West." Compare the two heroes in a written paragraph,

*Calig'ula*, an emperor of Rome, who lived from the year 12 to 41 A. D. He was a monster of cruelty, and indulged in every species of licentiousness. He wished

that the Roman people had but one head, that he might kill them all with one blow.

*De Tocqueville* (tôk'vil), a French statesman and writer, born 1805, died 1859. He visited the United States in 1831, and four years later published his great work, "Democracy in America."

### Maryland! My Maryland!

This song was written in 1861 as a vehicle of Southern aspirations, and as such ranks with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the most illustrious of our Northern war songs. It rivaled "Dixie" in popularity throughout the war. It long since lost all sectional suggestion, and is now really a national song. Its lasting popularity is due to its intrinsic excellence of thought and expression. It is thought by some to be the best martial lyric composed by any American.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland! My Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust, Maryland! My Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust, remember Howard's warlike thrust,

And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll, Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control, Maryland! My Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll, better the shot, the blade, the bowl,

Than crucifixion of the soul, Maryland! My Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek, Maryland! My Maryland!

Though thou wast ever bravely meek, Maryland! My Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal, thy peerless chivalry reveal,

And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland! My Maryland!

The Old Line bugle, fife and drum, Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng, that stalks with liberty along,

And ring thy dauntless slogan song, Maryland! My Maryland!

*James Ryder Randall*

### The American Sailor

Look to your history—that part of it which the world knows by heart—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. He, at least, has never disgraced his country; he has always served her faithfully and effectually. The world has no match for him, man for man, and he asks no odds; he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to fight.

Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon and the

shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones and the Bon Homme Richard will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag, which for a hundred years had been the terror of Christendom, drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In the War of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land,—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have anything left worth remembering. The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the *Guerrière* came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the navy. Since that day the navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. The American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropics cannot make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies. There is no achievement so arduous, no conflict so desperate, in which his actions will not

shed glory upon his country. And when the final struggle comes, *as come it will*, for the empire of the seas, you may rest with entire confidence in the persuasion that victory will be yours.

R. F. Stockton



*Words for Study:* prow'ess, wel'kin, es cutch'eon, effem'i nate, in vin ci bil'i ty, Med i ter ra' ne an.

*chops*, the sides or capes at the entrance to the Channel.

*Bon Homme Richard*, the name of the American frigate commanded by Commodore John Paul Jones in his fight with the *Sera'pis* of the British Navy, in 1779. This fight was one of the most desperate sea fights on record, and ended with the surrender of the Englishmen to American grit and prowess.

*Deca'tur*, Stephen, a celebrated American Commodore who greatly distinguished himself during our trouble with the pirates of Northern Africa in 1804, and subsequently during our second war with England, 1812-1815.

*Guerrière* (Ghã rē ār'), a British frigate, commanded by Captain Dacres, which, after a close action of thirty minutes, struck her colors to the famous "Old Ironsides," commanded by Commodore Isaac Hull, on August 19, 1812.

## An Iceberg

This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant, and we had a steady "reef-topsail" breeze from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us, though such a thing was rarely heard of in this latitude at this season of the year.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the companion way, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, doctor?" asked the first man who came up.

"On the larboard bow."

And there floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an immense, irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinna-

cles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring its beauty and grandeur.

No description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and beauty of the sight. Its great size,—for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, as well as its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear, all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for the greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and

we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses stuck in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and crackling of their parts—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From "Two Years Before the Mast." *R. H. Dana, Jr.*



*lar' board*, the left-hand side of a ship when looking toward the bow.

*lee' ward*, that part or side toward which the wind blows.

*companion way*, staircase leading from the deck to the cabin.

*lay to*, reduced sail to lowest limit, so as to be stationary.

*in our watch*: On board ship, the "watch" is that portion of time, usually four hours, during which a certain part of the officers and crew, usually one half, are on deck in the performance of duty.

*filled away*, changed the positions of the yards so that the wind should fill the sails.

*sapphire* (săf' ĩr), a gem of a bright blue color.

*Pauses*, in reading, are two kinds: GRAMMATICAL, which point out grammatical construction, and are indicated by the marks of punctuation; RHETORICAL, which are used to render the words and phrases more expressive. In serious and pathetic reading these latter pauses are frequent, and are employed before or after an important word or phrase on which it is desired to fix attention.

In the last paragraph of the selection, tell where rhetorical pauses should be made.

### To a Waterfowl

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

*William Cullen Bryant*

*marge*, margin, border. *chafed*, worn by rubbing.

*il lim' it a ble*, without a boundary, vast.

What pictures does stanza 3 bring to mind?

Explain—"The abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form."

*darkly seen against*: The poet originally wrote "darkly painted on," but before publishing changed the line to its present form. What reason may he have had?

The scene of "To a Waterfowl" was founded on a real incident. The poem teaches faith in the Providence of God. Commit it to memory.

### To the Blessed Virgin

As the mute nightingale in closest groves  
 Lies hid at noon, but when day's piercing eye  
 Is locked in night, with full heart beating high  
 Poureth her plain song o'er the light she loves:  
 So, Virgin, ever pure, and ever blest,  
 Moon of religion, from whose radiant face,  
 Reflected streams the light of Heavenly grace  
 On broken hearts, by contrite thoughts oppressed:  
 So, Mary, they who justly feel the weight  
 Of Heav'n's offended Majesty, implore  
 Thy reconciling aid, with suppliant knee:  
 Of sinful man, O sinless advocate!  
 To thee they turn, nor Him the less adore;  
 'Tis still *His* light they love, less dreadful seen in  
 thee.

Gerald Griffin



Brown Bros. Photo

Agnes Repplier

### Three Heroines

To Spain belongs Augustina, the Maid of Saragossa; to England, brave Mary Ambree; and to America, Molly Pitcher, the stout hearted heroine of Monmouth; and these three women won for themselves honor and renown by the same valorous exploits.

Augustina is the most to be envied, for her praises have been sung by a great poet; Mary Ambree has a noble ballad to perpetuate her fame; Molly Pitcher is still without the tribute of a verse to remind her countrymen occasionally of her splendid courage in the field.

The Spanish girl was of humble birth, young, poor,

and very handsome. When Saragossa was besieged by the French, during the Peninsular War, she carried food every afternoon to the soldiers who were defending the batteries. One day the attack was so fierce, and the fire so deadly, that by the gate of Portillo not a single man was left alive to repulse the terrible enemy.

When Augustina reached the spot with her basket of coarse and scanty provisions, she saw the last gunner fall bleeding on the walls. Not for an instant did she hesitate; but, springing over a pile of dead bodies, she snatched the match from his stiffening fingers and fired the gun herself.

Then calling on her countrymen to rally their broken ranks, she led them back so unflinchingly to the charge that the French were driven from the gate they had so nearly captured, and the honor of Spain was saved.

For the story of Mary Ambree we must leave the chroniclers, who to their own loss and shame never mention her at all, and take refuge with the poets. From them we learn all we need to know; and it is quickly told.

Her lover was slain treacherously in the war between Spain and Holland, the English being then allies of the Dutch; and, vowing to avenge his death, she put on his armor and marched to the siege of Ghent, where she fought with reckless courage on its walls.

Fortune favors the brave, and wherever the maiden turned her arms the enemy was repulsed, until at last the Spanish soldiers vied with the English in admiration of this valorous foe. \* \* \*

And now for Molly Pitcher, who, unsung and almost unremembered, should nevertheless share in the honors

heaped so liberally upon the English and Spanish heroines. "A red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman," without beauty and without distinction, she was the newly wedded wife of an artilleryman in Washington's little army. On June 28, 1778, was fought the battle of Monmouth, famous for the admirable tactics by which Washington regained the advantages lost through the negligence of General Charles Lee.

It was a Sunday morning, close and sultry. As the day advanced, the soldiers on both sides suffered terribly from that fierce, unrelenting heat in which America rivals India. The thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the shade. Men fell dead in their ranks without a wound, smitten by sunstroke; and the sight of them filled their comrades with dismay.

Molly Pitcher, regardless of everything save the anguish of the sweltering, thirsty troops, carried buckets of water from a neighboring spring and passed them along the line. Backward and forward she trudged, this strong, brave, patient young woman, while the sweat poured down her freckled face, and her bare arms blistered in the sun.

She was a long time reaching her husband,—so many soldiers begged for drink as she toiled by,—but at last she saw him, parched, grimy, and spent with heat, and she quickened her lagging steps. Then suddenly a ball whizzed past, and he fell dead by the side of his gun before ever the coveted water had touched his blackened lips.

Molly dropped her bucket and for one dazed moment stood staring at the bleeding corpse. Only for a mo-

ment, for, amid the turmoil of battle, she heard the order given to drag her husband's cannon from the field.

The words roused her to life and purpose. She seized the rammer from the grass and hurried to the gunner's post. There was nothing strange in the work to her. She was too well versed in the ways of war for either ignorance or alarm.

Strong, skillful, and fearless, she stood by the weapon and directed its deadly fire until the fall of Monckton turned the tide of victory. The British troops under Clinton were beaten back after a desperate struggle, the Americans took possession of the field, and the battle of Monmouth was won.

On the following day poor Molly, no longer a furious Amazon, but sad-faced, with swollen eyes and a scanty bit of crape pinned on her bosom, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half pay for life.

It is said that the French officers, then fighting for the freedom of the colonies, that is, against the English, were so delighted with her courage that they added to this reward a hatful of gold pieces, and christened her "La Capitaine."

What befell her in after years has never been told. She lived and died obscurely, and her name has well-nigh been forgotten in the land she served. But the memory of brave deeds can never wholly perish, and Molly Pitcher has won for herself a niche in the Temple of Fame, where her companions are fair Mary Ambree and the dauntless Maid of Saragossa.

*Agnes Repplier*

*Amazon:* The Amazons were a fabulous race of female warriors in Scythia; hence the word Amazon has come to mean a female warrior.

*Maid of Saragossa:* Lord Byron has celebrated the Maid in the first Canto of "Childe Harold," and Wordsworth wrote a sonnet in her honor.

*Molly Pitcher:* Not far from the town of Freehold, N. J., there is a well known as "Molly Pitcher's Well," This American heroine is buried at Carlisle, Pa.

### Let It Pass!

Be not swift to take offense;

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass! Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprove;

'Tis the noble who forgive;

Let it pass! Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Let it pass!  
Since our joys must pass away,  
Like the dewdrops on the spray,  
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?  
Let it pass! Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh, be kind and gentle still;  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight;  
Let us not resent, but wait,  
And our triumph shall be great;  
Let it pass! Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,  
Let it pass!  
Lay those homely words to heart,  
"Let it pass!"  
Follow not the giddy throng;  
Better to be wronged than wrong;  
Therefore sing the cheery song,—  
Let it pass! Let it pass!

Explain what is meant by the following expressions:

Anger is a foe to sense; Brood not darkly o'er a wrong;  
Strife corrodes the purest mind; vulgar souls;  
Echo not an angry word; homely words; Better to be wronged than wrong.

The kindest, and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear;  
And something every day they live,  
To pity and perhaps forgive.

*Cowper*

To act in anger is to act without reason.

Let every man be swift to hear, but slow to speak, and slow to anger.

*Epistle of St. James*



Brown Bros. Photo

By Mme. de Chatillon

## Joan of Arc

## Joan of Arc

NOTE.—Upon the death of King Henry V of England, who claimed France as his inheritance, Charles, the Dauphin of France, laid claim to the throne. In consequence, England declared war, and the English forces were everywhere successful. They at last laid siege to Orleans. The city was on the point of surrendering when Joan of Arc, a simple peasant girl, came forth from her obscurity, and became the savior of her country. Clad in armor, she placed herself at the head of the French soldiers and led them to victory. But she was at last taken prisoner by the British and burned as a witch in the public square of Rouen. "We are lost; we have burned a saint," cried one of the English leaders who witnessed her death.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *ACT*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of goodwill, both were found true and loyal to any promise

involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short;

and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future; but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they been spreading their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her!

Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was nigh at hand. Still she continued to jeopard her person in battle as

before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch, and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery.

Never, from the foundations of the earth, was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense and all its malignity of attack. O, chivalrous child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as the lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood: "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never was a fairer victim doomed to death by baser means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, cheerfully and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men,—you can die grandly! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was taken, before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him,—the one friend that would not forsake her,—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God.

"Go down," she said, "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then, protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in Him in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Savior. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood.



*Thomas De Quincey*

*Lorraine:* At that time a part of France.

*byword,* a common saying, a proverb.

*a ë'ri al,* high, lofty.

*tran'si to ry*, passing, not lasting.

*Rouen* (rōō äng'), an ancient city of France, on the river Seine.

*The Lilies of France*: The lily, or rather the *fleur-de-lis*, was adopted as a royal emblem by Louis VII in 1179. The lily is called "The Flower of Faith."

*Burgundians*, inhabitants of Burgundy, an old province of France. They were at the time allies of the English.

*chiv'alrous*: In words from the French, as *chaise*, *chagrin'*, *chivalry*, *machine*, *avalanche*, *champaign*, *ch* has the sound of *sh*.

*billets*, pieces of wood, cut with a bill or beaked ax, so called from its resemblance to the beak of a bird.

Tell how "the wrath of God and man, in another century, combined to wither the lilies of France."

Explain: "The religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes;" "to vitiate the coronation of Charles."

Name instances of deeds of wonderful bravery performed by women, Jewish and Christian.

Plan a short story of a brave deed done by a woman. Make in writing a preliminary outline of it. Write out the complete story from your outline.

## Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores;  
 Behind, the Gates of Hercules;  
 Before him not the ghost of shores,  
 Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For, lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now, not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;  
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leaped as a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "ON! SAIL ON!"

*Joaquin Miller*

From "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller."

By permission of the publishers, The Whitaker-Ray Company, San Francisco.



*Azores*, islands in the Atlantic Ocean west of Spain.

*Gates of Hercules*, Gibraltar and the opposite cliffs on the African coast. They were once supposed to have been split apart by Hercules.

*Perseverance* is the watchword of this poem. Take "sail on!" for your motto.

The London *Athenaeum* says: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to *Columbus*, by Joaquin Miller."

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances and discouragements,—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.

*Carlyle*

Bear up and steer right onward.

*Milton*

True nobility is exempt from fear.

*Shakespeare*

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency.

*Emerson*

## The Merchant of Venice

In the city of Venice there lived a selfish, greedy, grasping old Jew, called Shylock. This Shylock was rich—richer than any merchant in the city—and his immense fortune had been amassed by the great interest he would always ask for the loan of his money.

Nothing did this old Jew like better than to seize upon some poor wretch of a merchant driven to the wall, as we say, for the loan of money to tide over his business for a few days. Of such a man, who in his desperation would pay any price for the use of money at just that hour, this old Jew would demand most unreasonable interest; and was accordingly hated by all honest, kind, fair-dealing merchants in the city.

There was one merchant, Antonio, a man who often loaned his money to the poor and distressed without any interest whatever, and who had not a few times, by his own help, wrested some poor merchant from the Jew's cruel power. The Jew hated Antonio and vowed revenge; Antonio, you may be sure, hated the Jew, but with a fine scorn that stoops not to revenge.

Whenever the two met in their business haunts bitter words often passed between them. The Jew would sneer at Antonio for his unbusiness-like ways of dealing. Antonio, on his part, did not fear to brand the Jew as a mean, thieving dog; a cur—a cutthroat to be feared, avoided, shut out from all business dealings with honest-meaning merchants.

Antonio, generous man that he was, had hundreds and hundreds of friends; but none so dear to him as Bassanio, a noble Venetian, with whom he had grown



Brown Bros. Photo

Sir Henry Irving  
as "Shylock" in the "Merchant of Venice"

up from boyhood in the same schools, under the same teachers, amid the same surroundings.

Now this Bassanio was one of those young noblemen who, though he had much rank and a grand title, had very little money. The result was, that like most young noblemen of his kind, he sometimes found himself most sadly embarrassed by debt. Antonio was always ready and willing to help him out of his troubles; and Bassanio, honorable man that he was, never failed in time to return the money with proper interest—not forgetting to add that which you may be sure was far dearer than the money to Antonio, an honest, generous recognition of the loving friendship that never failed.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio and said:

“In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages.  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato’s daughter, Brutus’ Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.  
O, my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift  
That I should questionless be fortunate.”

Now the substance of this long speech was, that if he had money enough to go with a train of servants and

all the elegant appointments necessary in those days to a man of his station, he felt sure he might win this beautiful Portia whom he loved so much. Of course Antonio sprang to his assistance. Never had he failed his friend in any time of need; surely he would not fail him now.

"I have not," said Antonio, "a ducat with me now. But my ships laden with merchandise stand now outside the harbor. A few days and they will be in port. Meantime, we will go to Shylock, the Jewish dog, and I will borrow from him three thousand ducats."

Accordingly Antonio and Bassanio made their way to Shylock to ask the loan.

There was a wicked gleam in Shylock's black Jewish eyes as Antonio made his errand known.

"How like a fawning publican he looks," growled Shylock to himself, as he listened to the honest, fair-dealing Antonio.

"I hate him for he is a Christian;  
 But more, for that in low simplicity  
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
 Which he calls interest: Cursèd be my tribe  
 If I forgive him!"

"Come, come, Shylock," interrupted Antonio, impatient with the Jew's self-musing; "will you lend me

the three thousand ducats, with my bond, to be returned to you with interest three months hence?"

Then the Jew turned upon him.

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my moneys and my usances:  
Still have I bore it with a patient shrug;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
You call me—misbeliever, cutthroat, dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:  
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so;*  
You that did foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money? Is it possible*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats?* or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,  
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this,—  
*Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;*  
*You spurned me such a day; another time*  
*You called me dog; and for these courtesies*  
*I'll lend you thus much moneys."*

"And I am as like to call thee so again," replied Antonio;

"To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends;  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty."

Finding that Antonio was neither frightened nor abashed by his abuse, Shylock "took another tack," as the sailors say.

"Why, how you storm?" said he, pretending to be both surprised and grieved.

"I would be friends with you, and have your love.  
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me."

"How kind," sneered Antonio, moved no more by his flattery than by his abuse.

"This kindness will I show," continued the Jew,

"Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

"Content," replied Antonio. "I will sign the bond."

"You shall sign no such bond for me," cried Bassanio.

"Fear not, friend," answered Antonio. "There lie my ships laden with merchandise worth thrice three times the value of this bond."

"But I do fear the Jew," answered Bassanio, shaking his head gloomily.

"O father Abraham, what these Christians are," grumbled Shylock.

"Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship;  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not."

"I will seal the bond," replied Antonio, impatient, not at all deceived by the Jew's oily words, but secure in the certainty of escape from the cruel bond which the Jew would have him think mere "merry sport."

The rich and beautiful Portia whom Bassanio wished to win, lived not far from Venice. To her home Bassanio in due time set forth with his splendid train, accompanied by a noble gentleman, named Gratiano.

He was successful in his suit, and there seemed nothing but joy and sunshine ahead for the happy lovers.

But one day there came a messenger—breathless—his face pale with fear and grief, who said to Bassanio, "A letter from my good master, Antonio."

Bassanio, trembling with dread, for instantly there flashed across him the fear that some way his kind friend had fallen into the power of the cruel Jew, tore open the letter and read:

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to

the Jew is forfeited, and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

"O Portia, Portia," wailed Bassanio,

"Here are a few of the unpleasantest words,  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed,  
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life blood.—But is it true, Salario?  
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?"

"Not one—not one," answered the messenger; "and if there were, the time now being past, the Jew would not take the money. It is Antonio's life he wants."

"Go, go to your friend, my dear Bassanio," cried Portia. "Take gold to pay the money twenty times over.

Be brave; take courage; you shall return again and bring with thee to our home your noble friend."

"Nerissa," said Portia to her maid, a few days after Bassanio's departure, "I believe I could save Bassanio's friend. I will dress myself in the robe of a counselor-at-law, you shall be dressed as my clerk, and together we will go to Venice. From my cousin Bellario, I have a letter for the judge saying that had not sickness prevented, he himself would have come to plead for Antonio, but, since he cannot be there, he begs the Duke to allow me to plead for him." Nerissa, whose faith in her wise young mistress was exceeded only by her love for her, at once prepared for the journey.

Disguised in their lawyer-like robes, they entered the great hall of justice just as the trial was about to begin.

Then follows the "Trial Scene," containing Portia's plea for mercy, one of the sweetest, tenderest, most beautiful pictures in all English literature.

By and by, when you read this play, just as Shakespeare himself has given it, you will see how the author tries to show us a perfect picture of a perfect woman — beautiful, loving, yet wise and womanly. If she is full of philosophy, she is also full of pleasantry.

Shylock, too, is a character to be studied. Be not satisfied to see him as a mere, mean, revengeful money lender. Notice the *strength* Shakespeare makes him represent. See how hard and cold he is; how he clings to his one object,—revenge; watch the dashing, biting sarcasm. Nothing can daunt him; nothing annoy him; he cannot be moved by Portia's plea for mercy; he cannot be touched by ridicule, he cannot even be exasper-

ated by abuse. He has but one thought,—“I have suffered through these Christians; now they shall suffer through me.”

“Stories from Shakespeare.”

*Mara L. Pratt*

Educational Publishing Company.



*Words for Study:* presa' ges, for' fei ture, em bar' rassed.

*Signior* (sên' yēr), sir; *Mr. doit*, a coin of very small value.

*ducat* (dūk' ät), a coin of gold or silver, so named from being originally struck in the dominions of a duke.

*usance* (ūz' ans), interest paid for money; usury.

*Brutus' Portia:* Daughter of Cato and wife of Marcus Brutus. She was renowned for her prudence, fortitude, magnanimity. She died in the year 42 B. C.

*Catch him once upon the hip:* Get the advantage of him. The figure is probably derived from wrestling.

*Rial' to:* The ancient quarter of Venice in which are the Merchants' Exchange and chief business houses.

*Gaberdine'*, a long, coarse, loose overcoat.

*Go to:* The pronunciation of *to* depends much on its application and emphasis. In such phrases as *go to*, *lay to*, *heave to*, it is pronounced *too*.



Black Hawk

### The American Indian

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer;

gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless; the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion pierced the clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious Source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted

forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their rude remains, and wonder to what manner of people they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

*Charles Sprague*



*Words for Study:* falcon (fə'k'n), un tam'a ble, progen'i tors, in quis'i tive, exter'mi na tors.

*A pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death:*  
In a paragraph of about ten lines explain what these phrases mean.

After having carefully examined the picture of Black Hawk, write a short description of it.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Shakespeare*

### To a Skeleton

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full;  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor grief, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this moldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
Yet, start not at the dismal void!  
If social love that eye employed,

If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But with the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this hollow cavern, hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.  
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And where it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke,  
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee  
When Death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock or wear the gem  
Can little now avail to them.  
But, if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of Ease they sped,  
To soothe Affliction's humble bed;

If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
 And home to Virtue's cot returned,—  
 Those feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
 And tread the palace of the sky!

*Author Unknown*



What is a ruin? What are found in ruins? Why is the skull a ruin? What was once in this skull?

What shone from out "this moldering canopy?" That the eye may be *forever* bright, what uses must it be put to? "If with no lawless fire it gleamed" in life, what "beauteous visions" shall it forever enjoy?

Express in prose the entire thought of stanza 3.

Explain what is meant by "paths of duty," "bowers of ease," "affliction's humble bed," "virtue's cot."

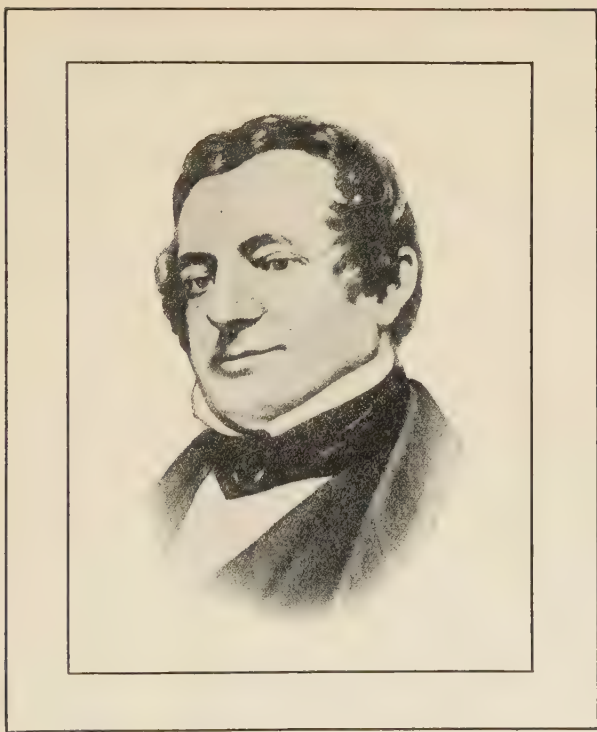
Note.—The MS. of "To a Skeleton," which appeared during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, is said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, but without success.

And better had they ne'er been born,  
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

*Sir Walter Scott*

The man who wishes to be happy should not enlarge his estates but contract his desires.

*Plato*



Washington Irving

### The Catskill Mountains

I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times, before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. Such an excursion in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe

at present, and cost almost as much; but we enjoyed the river then. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvelous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the Lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river.

The Catskill Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones for stars. The great Manitou employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers; sometimes she would brew up black thunderstorms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away.

He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits, who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the

brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck, throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at others, to recede. During the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze. As the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and, later in the evening, their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvelous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains and the thousand ærial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world.

They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are

all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snowstorms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when, at night, the stars beam with intensest luster, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance.

And then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life! And the splendors of our summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky, and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere! And the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky!

*Washington Irving*



*Words for Study:* lim'pid, ro mance', mo ras' ses, gos'-samers, pro pen'si ty, vi cis'si tudes, im ag'i na tive, at mos pher'ic al.

*Man'i tou* (tōō), a name given by some tribes of American Indians to the Great Spirit.

*epit'omes* (mēz), summaries, abridgments.

*tid ing*, working into or out of a river by favor of the tide.

*quag'mire* (quake+mire), soft, wet land, that shakes or yields under the feet.

*trāv'ěl*. As a general rule, the *e* is sounded in unaccented terminations in *el*.

*whim'sical*. Be careful to give the proper aspiration to the *wh* of this word. The *s* = *z*.

*grotesque* (grotesk'). The letter *q* is always followed by *u*. The *qu* = *kw*, as in quill. In some words of French origin, *qu* = *k*.

*phenom'ena* is the plural of phenomenon. In Natural Philosophy, the word is usually applied to those *appearances* of nature, the cause of which is not immediately obvious.

*The Catskills* are mountains in Greene Co., New York, near the Hudson River. They received their name from the great number of catamounts (mountain *cats*) formerly *killed* there. They are 35 miles south of Albany.

*The Hudson*, a river of New York, emptying into the Atlantic Ocean below New York City. On account of its beautiful scenery, it is called the "Rhine of America."

## The Flight into Egypt

The night was dark and tranquil over the town of Nazareth, when Joseph went forth. No commandment of God ever found such alacrity in highest saint or readiest angel as this one had found in Mary. She heard Joseph's words, and she smiled on him in silence as he spoke. There was no perturbation, no hurry, although there was all a mother's fear. She took up her treasure, as He slept, and went forth with Joseph into

the cold starlight, for poverty has few preparations to make. She was leaving home again. Terror and hardship, the wilderness and heathendom, were before her; and she confronted all with a calm anguish of an already broken heart. Here and there the night wind stirred in the leafless fig trees, making the bare branches nod against the bright sky, and now and then a watchdog bayed, not because it heard them, but from the mere nocturnal restlessness of animals. But as Jesus had come like God, so He went like God, unnoticed and unmissed. No one is ever less missed on earth than He on whom it depends.

The path they took was not the one which human prudence would have pointed out to them. They returned upon the Jerusalem road they had so lately trodden. But, avoiding the Holy City, they passed near Bethlehem, as if His neighborhood should give a blessing to those unconscious babes that were still nestling warmly in their mother's arms. Thus they fell into the road which leads into the wilderness, and, Joseph going before, like the shadow of the Eternal Father, they crossed the frontier of the promised land, far on until they were lost to the eye, like specks on the desert sand. Two creatures had carried the Creator into the wilderness, and were taking care of Him there amid the stony sands of the unwatered gullies. Sunrise and sunset, the glittering noon and the purple of midnight, the round moon and the colored haze, came to them in the desert for many a day. Still they traveled on. They had cold to bear by night, and a sun from which there was no escape by day. They had scanty food, and frequent thirst.

They knew whom they were carrying, and looked not for miracles to lighten the load they bore. Old tradition said that one night they rested in a robber's cave. They were received there with rough but kind hospitality by the wife of the captain of the band. Perhaps it was her sorrow that made her kind; for it is often so with women. Her sorrow was a great one. She had a fair child, the life of her soul, the one gentle, spotless thing amid all the lawlessness and savage life around. Alas! it was too fair to look at; for it was white with leprosy. But she loved it the more, and pressed it more fondly to her bosom as mothers are wont to do. It was more than ever her life and light now, because of its misfortunes. Mary and Jesus, the robber's wife and the leprous child, together in the cave at nightfall—how fitting a place for the Redeemer! How sweet a type of the Church He has founded! Mary asked for water that she might wash our Blessed Lord, and the robber's wife brought it to her, and the babe was washed. Kindness when it opens the heart, opens the eyes of the mind likewise. The robber's wife perceived something remarkable about her guests. Whether it was that there was a light round the head of Jesus, or that the mere vicinity of so much holiness strangely affected her, we know not; but, in much love and with some sort of faith, the mother's heart divined—earth knows that maternal divination well. She took away the water Mary had used in washing Jesus, and washed her little leprous Dimas in it, and straightway his flesh became as rosy and beautiful as a mother could desire. Long years passed. The child outgrew its mother's arms. It did feats of boyish daring on the sands of the wilderness. At last Dimas was old

enough to join the band; and though it seems that to the last he had somewhat of the mother's heart about him, he led a life of violence and crime, and at length Jerusalem saw him brought within her gates a captive. When he hung upon the cross, burning with fever, parched with agony, he was bad enough to speak words of scorn to the harmless sufferer by his side. The sufferer was silent, and Dimas looked at him. He saw something heavenly, something unlike a criminal, about him, such perhaps as his mother had seen some three-and-thirty years before.

It was the child in the water of whose bath his leprosy had been healed. Poor Dimas! thou hast a worse leprosy now, that will need blood instead of water! Faith was swift in its works. Perhaps his heart was like his mother's, and faith a half natural growth in it. He takes in the scene of the crucifixion, the taunts, the outrages, the blasphemies, the silence, the prayer for their pardon, the wishful look cast upon himself by the dying Jesus. It is enough. Then and there he must profess his faith; for the mother's prayers are rising from beneath, and he is being enveloped in a very cloud of mercy. Lord! remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom! See how quickly he had outrun even some of the Apostles. He was fastened to the cross to die, and he knew it was no earthly kingdom in which he could be remembered. This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise! Paradise for thy cave's hospitality, poor young robber! And Jesus died, and the spear opened His heart, and the red stream sprang over the limbs of the dying robber, like a fresh fountain, and though his mother from the cave was not there, his new mother

was beneath the cross, and she sent him after her First-born into paradise, the first of that countless family of sons who through that dear blood should enter into glory.

*Father Faber*

From "The Foot of the Cross; or, The Sorrows of Mary."



*Words for Study:* fron'tier, noc tur'nal, a lac'ri ty, divi na'tion, per tur ba'tion.

By the *style* of an author is meant his mode of expressing thought. What do you think of the style of Father Faber as seen in the selection? Does he write awkwardly or elegantly, plainly or figuratively, concisely or diffusely? Quote passages from the selection in proof.

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep and goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?  
For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*Tennyson*

## Vision of the Monk Gabriel

'Tis the soft twilight.

Round the shining fender,

Two at my feet and one upon my knee,

Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,

And thou, my golden-haired Raphael,

My fairy, small and slender,

Listen to what befell Monk Gabriel,

In the old ages ripe with mystery,—

Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,

His silence sweet with sounds

With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:

Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,

Chirping of insect and the building rook,

Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;

Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook

Flitting across the pages of this book,

Until the very words a freshness took—

Deep in his cell

Sate the monk Gabriel.

In his book he read

The words the Master to His dear ones said:

"A little while and ye

Shall see,

Shall gaze on Me;

A little while again

Ye shall not see Me then."

*"A little while!"*

The monk looked up, a smile  
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:

"Oh Thou, who gracious art

Unto the poor of heart,  
O blessed Christ!" he cried,

"Great is the misery  
Of mine iniquity;  
But would *I* now might see,  
Might feast on Thee!"

The blood with sudden start  
Nigh rent his veins apart  
(O condescension of the Crucified!)

In all the brilliancy  
Of His humanity  
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin;  
His cheek outblushed the rose;  
His lips, the glows  
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;  
And His deep eyes within  
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories, dwelt,  
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.

In each fair hand, in each fair foot, there shone  
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;  
Around His brows in tenderest lucency  
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;  
And from the opening in His side there rilled

A light so dazzling that the room was filled  
 With heaven; and, transfigured in his place—  
 His very breathing stilled—

The friar held his robe before his face,  
 And heard the angels singing!  
 'Twas but a moment; then, upon the spell  
 Of that sweet Presence, lo! a something broke,  
 A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,  
 A shower of metal music flinging  
 O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell;  
 And through the open window of the cell  
 In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell  
 Calling monk Gabriel  
 Unto his daily task,  
 To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.  
 No respite did he ask,  
 Nor for a second summons idly wait;  
 But rose up, saying in his humble way,  
 "Fain would I stay,  
 O Lord, and feast alway  
 Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty.  
 But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;  
 Help me to do my duty!"  
 The while the Vision smiled,  
 The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,  
 Back to his cell he came.  
 Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!  
 Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame

With all the matchless glory of that Sun;  
 And in the center stood the Blessèd One,  
 (Praised be His holy name!)  
 Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,  
 And bore our weight of shame!

Down on the threshold fell  
 Monk Gabriel,  
 His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;  
 And, while in deep humility he lay,  
 Tears raining from his happy eyes away,  
 "Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.  
 The Vision only said,  
 Lifting His shining head:  
 "If thou hadst stayed, O son, *I* must have fled!"

*Eleanor C. Donnelly*



*lu' cency*, brightness. *wold*, a forest.

*rilled*, ran as in a small stream.

*moat*, a hill. *fell*, waste land. *res' pite* (pīt), delay.

Read slowly and thoughtfully the lines in which Miss Donnelly describes the Vision: "Pure as the early lily was His skin; \* \* \* the room was filled with heaven." Note the poetic thought and beauty of expression. Around His brows "The thorn-marks lingered, *like the flush of dawn*," is an exquisite line. The simile is charming. This description of Christ seems to bring with it the sunshine of Resurrection Morn.

Read the lines which speak of the *obedience* of Brother Gabriel: "No respite did he ask, \* \* \* Help me to do my duty." The bell called him "Unto his daily task,

Nor for a second summons idly wait." Here is true, perfect obedience,—prompt and cheerful. Obedience is the moral of the poem.

Compare the "Vision" by Miss Donnelly with "The Legend Beautiful" by Longfellow. The two poems are founded on the same legend, are developed in the same way, and reveal an identity of thought which is unique in English literature. Both authors show themselves great artists. Miss Donnelly wrote the "Vision" in 1863. Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" appeared in 1871.

### True Equality

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
 The charities that soothe and heal and bless  
 Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers;  
 The generous inclination, the just rule,  
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,—  
 No mystery here; no special boon  
 For high and not for low, for proudly-grand  
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth  
 As from the haughty palace. He whose soul  
 Ponders this true equality may walk  
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

*Wordsworth*



Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed  
 of heaven to spring up in the human heart. *Scott*

## The Battle of Bennington

History is full of battles. All its pages are stained with blood. Instruments they were, for the most part, of ambition, of tyranny, and of crime. It would have been well for the world to be spared the misery they wrought. It would be well for its history if their memory could perish. But there have been battles nevertheless whose smoke went up like incense; consecrated in the sight of Heaven by the cause they maintained.

If battles were to be accounted great in proportion to the numbers engaged, Bennington would be but small. In comparison with Marathon, and Waterloo, and Gettysburg, it was in that view only an affair of outposts. But it is not numbers alone that give importance to battlefields. The fame of Thermopylæ would not have survived had the Greeks been a great army instead of three hundred. It is the cause that is fought for, the heroism and self-sacrifice displayed, and the consequences which follow, moral and political as well as military, that give significance to conflicts of arms. Judged by these standards, Bennington may well be reckoned among the memorable battles of the world.

It was, on our side, the people's fight. No government directed or supplied it; no regular force was concerned; it was a part of no organized campaign. New Hampshire sent her hastily embodied militia, not the less volunteers. In Vermont and Massachusetts it was the spontaneous uprising of a rural and peace-loving population, to resist invasion, to defend their homes, to vindicate their right of self-government. Lexington and

Bunker Hill were in this respect its only parallels in the Revolutionary War.

Full justice has been done, in history and tradition, to the bravery and patriotism of John Stark. But his great qualities as a general have not been set forth as they deserve. No better piece of military work was seen in the Revolution than what he did in that brief and sudden campaign.

The British commander proceeded with the caution which the importance of his expedition demanded. When he found that he must fight, and perceived the resolute and thorough soldiership of Stark's movements, he chose a position with excellent judgment, intrenched himself strongly, and placed his troops and guns to the best advantage. Stark could not wait as he would have done, for his enemy's advance. He was unable to subsist his ill-provided forces long, nor could he keep them from homes that were suffering for their presence. His only chance was to attack at once, and his dispositions for it, most ably seconded by Warner, his right-hand man, were masterly beyond criticism. He had no artillery, no cavalry, no transportation, no commissariat but the women on the farms. Half of his troops were without bayonets, and even ammunition had to be husbanded. He lacked everything but men, and his men lacked everything but hardihood and indomitable resolution. Upon all known rules and experience of warfare, the successful storming, by a hastily organized militia, of an intrenched position at the top of a hill, held by an adequate regular force, would have been declared impossible. But it was the impossible that happened, in a rout of the veterans that amounted to destruction.

History and literature, eloquence and poetry, have combined to enshrine in the memory of mankind those decisive charges, at critical moments, by which great battles have been won, and epochs in the life of nations determined. I set against the splendor of them all that final onset up yonder hill and over its breastworks of those New England farmers, on whose faces desperation had kindled the supernatural light of battle which never shines in vain. They were fighting for all they had on earth, whether of possessions or of rights. They could not go home defeated, for they would have no homes to go to. Not a man was on the field by compulsion, or upon the slightest expectation of personal advantage or reward. The spirit which made the day possible was shown in that Stephen Fay, of Bennington, who had five sons in the fight. When the first-born was brought home to him dead, "I thank God," he said, "that I had a son willing to give his life for his country."

*Edward John Phelps*



*Words for Study:* cam'paign', par'al lels, spon ta' neous, in dom'i ta ble, com mis sã'ri at.

*General John Stark*, the hero of Bennington, was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1728. He was of Irish descent. He served with distinction through the War of the Revolution. For his victory at Bennington he received the thanks of Congress. He died in 1822.

*Mar' athon*, a plain near Athens, in Greece, where, in the year 490 B. C., was fought one of the decisive battles of the world. Ten thousand Athenians, under Milti' adēs,

routed an army of more than one hundred thousand Persians.

*Thermop'ylae* (lē), a mountain pass in Greece, famous for the fate of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who, in the year 480 B. C., here died in defense of their country.

The battle of Bennington was fought on August 16, 1777. The selection is an extract from an oration delivered at the dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument, August 16, 1891.

### A River in the Ocean

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters.

The current of this river is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be seen floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea,—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity, between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the waters of the sea.

The waters of the Gulf Stream are salter than the waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we can account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts.

No feature of the Gulf Stream excites remark among seamen more frequently than the sharpness of its edges, particularly along its inner borders. There, it is a streak on the water. As high up as the Carolinas this streak may be seen, like a greenish edging to a blue border,—the bright indigo of the tropical contrasting finely with the dirty green of the adjacent waters.

As to the temperature of the Gulf Stream, there is, in a winter's day, off Hatteras, and even as high up as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in mid-ocean, a difference between its waters and those of the ocean near by of 20 degrees, and even 30 degrees. Water, we know, expands by heat; and here the difference of temperature may more than compensate for the difference in saltiness, and leave, therefore, the waters of the Gulf Stream, though salter, yet lighter by reason of their warmth.

If they are lighter, they should therefore occupy a higher level than those through which they flow. That the Gulf Stream is slightly roof-shaped, causing the waters on its surface to flow off to either side from the middle, we have observations to prove.

Navigators, while drifting along with the Gulf Stream, have lowered a boat to try the surface current. In such cases the boat would drift either to the east or to the west, as it happened to be on one side or the other of the axis of the stream, while the vessel herself would drift along with the stream in the direction of its course; thus showing the existence of a shallow roof-current

from the middle toward either edge, which would carry the boat along, but which, being superficial, does not extend deep enough to affect the drift of the vessel.

That such is the case is also indicated by the circumstance that the seaweed and driftwood which are found in such large quantities along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, are rarely, even with the prevalence of easterly winds, found along its inner edge,—and for the simple reason that to cross the Gulf Stream, and to pass over from that side to this, they would have to drift up an inclined plane, as it were; that is, they would have to stem this roof-current until they reached the middle of the stream.

We rarely hear of planks or wrecks, or of any floating substance which is cast into the sea on the other side of the Gulf Stream, being found along the coast of the United States. Driftwood, trees, and seeds from some of the West India islands, are often cast up on the shores of Europe, but rarely on the Atlantic shores of this country.

As the Gulf Stream leaves the coast of the United States it begins to vary its position. The trough of the stream may be supposed to waver about in the ocean not unlike a pennon in the breeze. Its head is confined between the shoals of the Bahamas and the Carolinas; but that part of it which stretches toward the Grand Banks of Newfoundland is, as the temperature of the water of the ocean changes, first pressed down toward the south, and then again up toward the north, according to the season of the year.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer

is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. Their arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful.

One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and all of Western Europe.

Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth,—a comparatively good conductor of heat,—instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a non-conducting cushion of cool water, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be, as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme.

Every west wind on its way to Europe crosses the stream, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes, while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

*M. F. Maury*

From "Physical Geography of the Sea."

*Words for Study:* trough, droughts, be nign', af fin'ity, prev'alence.

*superfi'cial* (fish'al), on the surface.

*ameliora'tion* (mēlyo), improvement.

*Albion*, England, so called from its *white* chalk cliffs.

*Grand Banks*, the extreme shallow waters of the Atlantic off the coast of Newfoundland. They constitute a vast mountain under water, formed by deposits from icebergs brought down by the Arctic current and melted by the Gulf Stream. They are the feeding ground of innumerable fishes.

## The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast;

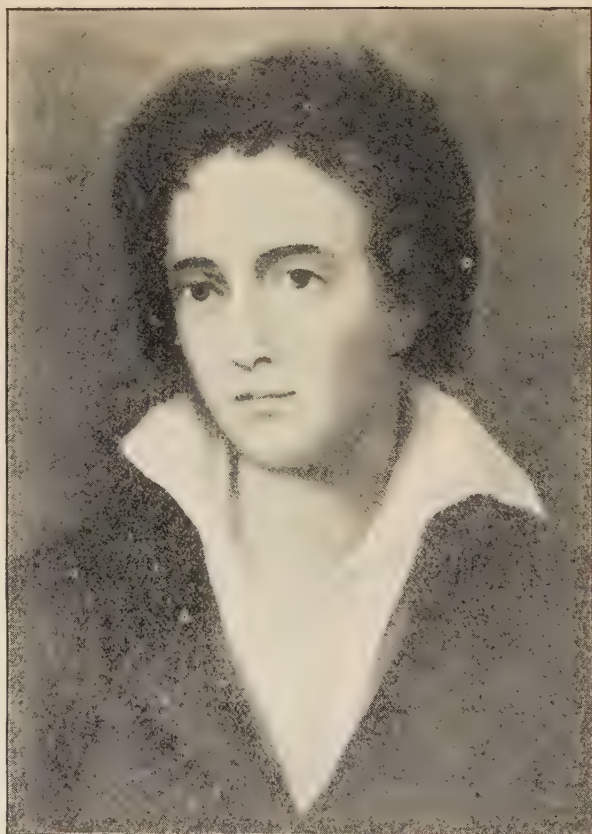
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;  
It struggles and howls by fits.  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the Genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;



Brown Bros. Photo

Shelley

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
As each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

*Shelley*



*by fits*, from time to time; by fits and starts.

*genii* (jē'nīi), disembodied spirits.

*jag*, a sharp rough notch. *rack*, thin, flying clouds.

*woof*, the warp and the woof are the threads used in weaving. The warp are the threads extended lengthwise in the loom. They are crossed by the woof.

*cen' otaph*, an EMPTY TOMB, or a monument erected in honor of a person buried elsewhere.

Who is speaking in the poem? Explain how the Cloud brings showers "From the seas and the streams."

"*On their mother's breast:*" Who is the mother of the buds?

At what season of the year does the Cloud do those things spoken of in stanza 1? In stanza 2?

"*Are paved with the moon and these:*" What is meant by the rivers and lakes being paved with the moon and stars?

Describe in writing a rainstorm or snowstorm that you remember. Speak of the sights you saw, and tell of the damage done. When finished, lay your composition aside for a day or two; then read it over, and see if you can improve it.

This poem and the ode "To a Skylark" are perhaps the best two of Shelley's beautiful poems.

There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.

*Ruskin*

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

*Bryant*

### Not Guilty

It was about noon on a sultry day, that wore heavily on both court and jury, when the prosecution announced that it had finished its case. There was little excitement in the audience; it was evidently a clear case of murder, the chain of evidence presented by the State had completely entwined the prisoner. A man had been stabbed; had fallen dead, his hands clasped over his wound, with not an indication of defense on his part. From beneath his hand, when convulsively opened, a knife had fallen, which, it was shown, the prisoner's wife had seized and concealed. Why should she have concealed it if her husband was innocent of foul play?

There was marked lack of attention on the part of the jury when the dusky prisoner, Ben Thomas, took the stand in his own behalf. He told his story in a straightforward, simple manner; explained how he had killed the deceased in self-defense; that the knife had fallen from the dead man's hand and was the one with which

he himself had been attacked. It was apparent that nothing he could say would make any impression on the jury; they were decided as to his guilt, so, with a sigh that permeated the whole room, he took his seat. While the prisoner was on the stand, an elderly gentleman with iron-gray hair, and clad in a gray suit, entered the room and stood silently by the door. At the close of the prisoner's plea, the solicitor arose and in a few cold words stated his case: The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The prisoner's wife had picked it up. With this brief summary, he passed the prisoner's life into the hands of the jury. The judge had arisen, and in solemn style was saying: "Mr. Foreman, and Gentlemen of the Jury," when suddenly from the old gentleman in gray came the sharp but decisive words: "If it please your Honor, the prisoner is entitled to the closing argument, and, in the absence of other counsel, I beg you will allow me to speak for the defense." "Mr. Clerk," said the Court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense." The court room, which before had been astir with the murmur of those present, was now deathly still. General Thomas for the defense! What could it all mean? Had any new evidence been discovered? Only the old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the prisoner and the gallows. After standing a moment and gazing about the court room with an air of disgust, he said with quick but quiet energy: "The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man; a strong man; he would never have used a weapon, if his antag-

onist had been unarmed. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple attack. The defendant drew his knife when he saw a knife in the hand of his foe, not from fear, but to equalize the combat. Why do I say he was brave? Every man upon this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Some of you were perhaps at Gettysburg; I was there, too." It was evident that the General had aroused a deep-felt interest by his allusion to the old days when all the men for miles about entered the army, and many had served under the old General, whose war record was a household legend. "I and the only brother that God ever gave me. I well remember that fight. The enemy met our onslaught with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away, and at last came Pickett's charge.

"You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another a man of black skin was seen to run. On, on he went; gone one moment and in sight the next, on, up to the flaming cannon themselves. There he stooped and lifted a form from the ground; and then, stumbling, staggering under his load, made his way back across that field of death, until, meeting him halfway, I took the burden myself from the hero and bore it myself to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother"—here the General paused, and walking rapidly towards the prisoner, he raised his arm on high, and his voice rang out like a trumpet,—“gashed and bleeding and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who brought him to me in his arms as a mother would a sick child,

himself torn by a fragment of a shell until the great heart was almost dropping from his breast, that man, my friends, sits here accused of murder." To add emphasis to his plea, he tore open the prisoner's shirt and laid bare his breast on which were the scars of that terrible day. "Look!" he cried, "and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the courage of free men and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who won such wounds could thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say this."

The jury did not even retire, but instantly returned a verdict of "Not Guilty!" Some may say that this was contrary to the evidence, but if one could judge from the appearance of the spectators, as they left the courthouse, they were content. Even the apparently cold-hearted solicitor, who bore a scar on his forehead that dated back to the old days when North and South were estranged, received the verdict with a smile that indicated his approval.

*Anonymous*



*Words for Study:* vor'tex, es tranged', wan'ton ly, per'me a ted, so lic'it or, con vul'sive ly.

## Purgatory

*Ghost:* I am thy father's spirit,  
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.

*Shakespeare*

*blazon, revelation.*

### The Christ of the Andes

One of the most noteworthy events in the history of nations, and one quite unique in character, is the erection of the colossal bronze statue of "Christ the Redeemer" on the summit of the Andean Pass, on the boundary line between the Republics of Chile and Argentina, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This superb monument was dedicated in March, 1904, to commemorate the Treaty of Peace and Disarmament between these two South American Republics.

In the year 1900, the people of Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war over a dispute in regard to a boundary line between their respective countries; and in all probability war would have been declared but for the good offices of the foreign diplomats, aided by the Church and the women of both countries, who created a sentiment in favor of arbitration for the settlement of the difficulty. The passions of the people were calmed, and it was decided to refer the disputed question to King Edward VII of England as arbitrator. His decision

of the matter was cheerfully accepted and approved by both countries; and on May 28, 1903, at Buenos Ayres, the two governments concluded a treaty by the terms of which they pledged themselves to submit all national difficulties to arbitration. This was the first general arbitration treaty ever concluded.

So strong an impression did this manner of settlement make on the people of these two nations that they at once ceased all warlike preparations and began to disarm. They reduced their land forces, removed the heavy ordnance from their warships, and turned over to the commercial fleets the vessels of their marine. With the money thus saved, internal and coast improvements have been made. Good roads have been constructed. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school for manual training, is building a much-needed breakwater in the harbor of Valparaiso, and has commenced systematic improvement of her commercial facilities along the coast. One or two of Argentina's previous warships are now plying back and forth across the Atlantic in honorable and lucrative commerce. But more significant than any of these material results has been the change in the attitude of the two peoples towards each other. All the old distrust and bitterness have passed away, and the most cordial good feeling and confidence have taken their place.

To Señora Angela de Costa, President of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres—one of whose objects is to safeguard the morals of the young—belongs much of the credit that peace remained unbroken, and that the great monument is where it is to-day. This noble lady has consecrated her life to the

good of her country and to further the idea of universal peace. She looks upon her work as the work of God, and therefore believes she cannot fail. In January, 1904, when she received at the hands of the Most Reverend Archbishop Espinoza a decoration and medal of honor from his Holiness the Pope, it was she who importuned the government of Argentina to complete the work so nobly begun, promising to secure the necessary funds for the final placing of the statue. The very day the Treaty was signed, she invited the Presidents of the two Republics, the Archbishops and Bishops of both nations, the most distinguished members of the clergy, and the men and women most prominent in social circles, to inspect the artist's work as it reposed in the courtyard of the college of Lacordaire. Standing at its foot, with this illustrious audience around her, she pleaded, in a voice trembling with emotion, that it be placed on the highest accessible pinnacle of the Andes to commemorate the Treaty of Peace concluded between the two countries. Her plea was successful.

In February, 1904, the final steps were taken for its erection. It was carried by rail from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, thence on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors of both Republics taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Reaching the high plateau, it was raised on the granite column prepared to receive it. On the 13th of March the monument was dedicated. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony, and on the morning of the 13th over

three thousand had gathered in that wild and desolate region. And when, after the unveiling, consecration, and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by the saintly Archbishop Espinoza, the cheers of the multitude, the roar of the cannon, and the music of the bands had ceased, and their last echoes were lost in the distance of those snow-covered mountains, the silence became almost appalling. Breaking this dread stillness came the eloquent discourse of the Right Reverend Bishop Jara of Chile, from which the following extracts are taken:

"The clergy and people of Chile, whom I have the honor to represent to-day, unite with our brethren of Argentina in consecrating ourselves to the grand, sublime, most noble idea symbolized in yonder granite column and in the bronze figure of our Savior surmounting it. It may truly be called 'The Fruit of Peace,' the fulfillment of the highest civic duty a citizen owes his country. Yea, it is even far more than this. It represents a solemn vow made, not to the shadow of these lofty mountains which must one day change, but to a King whose scepter dominates the skies and the worlds of space, and before Whom are passing away the generations of men. This King is Christ, the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of mankind, the august Prince of Peace whose empire is Eternity!

"It is thus we comprehend the magnificent pomp with which to-day we inaugurate this movement towards universal peace, and with legitimate pride show to the peoples of the old and the new world the monument of greatest moral significance ever erected by the citizens

of any nation. And, my friends, I do not exaggerate. I know full well that France, in order to celebrate the triumph of her industries, raised the Eiffel Tower on the banks of the Seine, like an arrow lost among the clouds. And I do not forget that the land of Washington boasts of her gigantic statue of Liberty, placed in the great harbor of New York and overlooking the towering palaces of that mighty metropolis. Nor am I unmindful of the grand feasts and ceremonies with which the people of Spain, uniting to commemorate the discovery of America, erected in Barcelona the immortal figure of Christopher Columbus.

"But of what value is industry if not sustained by peace? Can a nation enjoy liberty if its people are not tranquil and happy? And how dimmed would become the glory of the great discoverer were our hands stained with the blood of a fratricidal war!

"And for the reason that this monument is free from any stain of blood, and dedicated amid prayers of benediction and tears of joy, it well deserves, my friends, that it should be crowned by the sacred Image of the Man-God, Who, though born in a stable, willed that His angels sing only anthems of peace and good will, and Who, on returning to the right hand of God, His Father, gave no other farewell message than 'Peace be with you.' As a rich inheritance He has left us peace of intellect by means of Truth, peace of heart by means of Virtue, peace of home and society by means of blessed Charity.

"On this our day of jubilation, let us make glad the heart of our glorious Pontiff, Pius X, by the knowledge that we, his far-away sons, have embodied in this monu-

ment the sublime lesson of his mission of goodness to all humanity. Let Spain, our mother, rejoice with us to know that the heirs of her Faith, of her blood, and of her tongue, are on the road which leads to magnificent results. And may the Sovereign of England, in whose hands we placed the scepter of arbitration, rejoice in the assurance that Argentines and Chileans close their eyes to every mean and narrow thought, never to open them again save upon the luminous horizon of a luminous peace.

“And now to sum it all up, may our example inspire the people of other nations to settle their difficulties upon a basis of unalterable peace, that foundation stone of the structure which means national progress and prosperity. May there float from here to-day, upon the wings of the angel of peace, to all the nations of the world, the message that arbitration is wiser than war, and that the spirit of Jesus Christ is mightier than the sword. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be ever with you all. Amen.”

The statue is the work of Mateo Alonso, a young Argentine sculptor, and was cast from metal of bronze cannon. The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height, and the cross supported in the left hand reaches a point six feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. The statue stands on a granite sphere, weighing some fourteen tons, on which are sketched the outlines of the world. The sphere rests on a granite column twenty-two feet high, on which are two bronze

tablets donated by the working men and women of Buenos Ayres. One of these gives the record of the creation and erection of the monument; on the other are inscribed the words, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain."

Of all the beautiful and impressive sights that can be seen in the world, this remarkable statue of Christ is perhaps the most enduring. Coming upon it almost with startling suddenness as the mule-drawn coach approaches the very summit of the Andes, the effect is solemn and forcible in the extreme. One remembers almost involuntarily the touching prayer offered up at the inauguration by that devoted Christian lady, Señora de Costa: "O Lord, when my voice is silenced, when mine eyes can no longer behold Thee, and my heart, converted into dust, shall have disappeared with the memory of my existence, this, Thy Image, represented in eternal bronze, shall be a perpetual offering on the highest pinnacle of Argentina. When the snows of virgin white have closed this Pass to men, permit that my spirit keep vigil at the foot of this monument.

"Protect, O Lord, our native land! Ever give unto us Faith and Hope. May fruitful peace be our first patrimony, and good example its greatest glory, so that the souls of those who have known and loved Thee may receive all manner of blessings for the two Americas. Amen."

A bright future surely awaits these two American

Republics. In erecting this great and expensive monument, and in the Treaty of which it is the memorial, they have done much to win the abiding respect and confidence of the civilized world.

*Carolina Holman Huidobro*



*Words for Study:* marine', lu'cra tive, me trop' o lis, access'i ble, pat'ri mo ny, ar bi tra'tion, frat'ri ci dal.

*Buenos Ayres* (bō'nūs ā'rīz), *good air*, the capital of Argentina.

*Valparaiso* (rī'so), *vale of paradise*, a city of Chile.

*Barcelo'na*, a city of Spain, on the Mediterranean.

*ordnance, ordinance:* Pronounce and define these two words. Use them in sentences.

*Lacordaire'*, a celebrated French priest and orator. He was a member of the Order of St. Dominic; born 1802, died 1861.

Consult the map of South America for the location of Chile and Argentina. Read "Through Five Republics of South America in 1905," by Percy F. Martin.

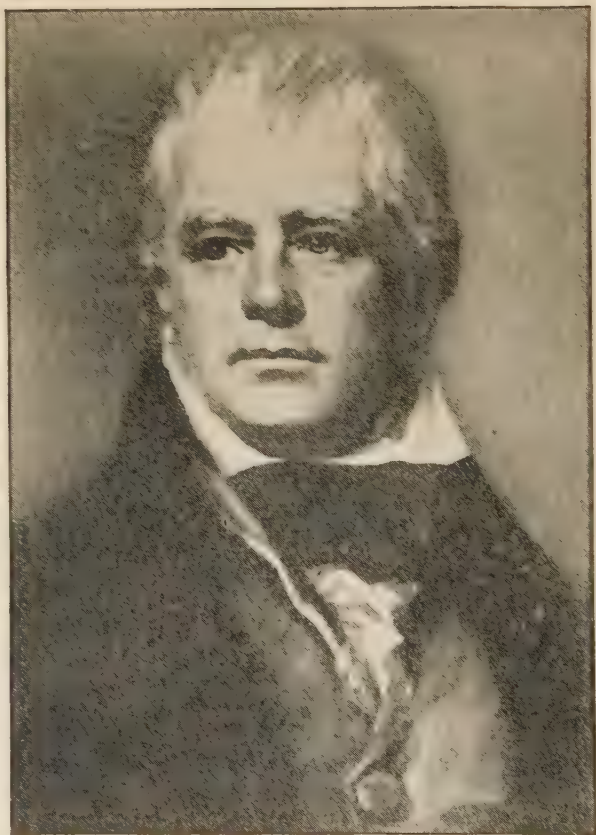
Under modern conditions, future wars between equal forces will bankrupt both and decide nothing.

*Jean de Bloch*

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will

clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy and a college in every State, and fill them with able professors. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

*Charles Sumner*



Brown Bros. Photo

Sir Walter Scott

## The Archery Contest

This selection is taken from "Ivanhoe," an historical romance. The scene of the story is laid in England at the end of the twelfth century, when Prince John, the brother of King Richard I, was regent of the kingdom. Richard had gone with his army to the Holy Land to fight for the recovery of Jerusalem and the Holy Places from the Saracens. Prince John gave a great tournament, ending with an archery contest. Locksley, the winner of the prize, was the name assumed on the occasion by the celebrated Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.

Read the whole of "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman," another of Scott's novels describing the same period. Consult Lingard's History of England for a full account of King Richard's reign.

Proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: nevertheless, unwilling that so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted in silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be

matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeomen, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the one of fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot

in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men at arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue, which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.

The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three

shafts in succession. One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew

his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center. "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"Hubert!" said Prince John, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"Never mind thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeomen who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose. Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb.

He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill.

"For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's Round Table, which held sixty knights around it." "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow; but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been frayed a little by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his

skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

*Sir Walter Scott*



*Words for Study:* pre ced' ence, ad' ver sa ry, ac cla ma' tions, per' emp to ry, dis com' fi ture, in ves ti ga' tion.

*yeo' men* (yō'), retainers. In England, yeomen are the class next in order to the gentry.

*bal' dric*, a broad, ornamental belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm.

*sylvan*, pertaining to the woods. *ad ven' ture*, to risk or hazard.

*merry men*, archers. The name was frequently given to Robin Hood and his companions.

*nobles*, old English gold coins, worth \$1.60 each.

*Lincoln green*, green cloth formerly made in Lincoln, England.

*provost* (pröv'üst), the manager or superintendent of the sports.

*Leicester*, pronounced lēs' ter.

*at rovers*, at casual marks; at random.

*sith*, an old English word meaning *since*.

*Hastings*, the battle in which William the Conqueror won the English throne. It was fought in 1066, and is one of the decisive battles of the world.

*an*, if—a word used by old English authors.

*runagate*, a fugitive; a vagabond.

*clout*, the center of the target—probably once a piece of white cloth.

*whittle*, a pocket knife.

*bucklers*, shields. The buckler was usually worn on the left arm, and was used to stop or parry blows.

*at yonder mark of Hubert's*: Explain this phrase.

Use the following phrases in sentences, and tell what each sentence means: the speech of John's—a friend of my sister's—this poem of Pope's—a madonna of Raphael's—a book of my brother's.

## Sir Galahad

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel:  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessèd forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain walls  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
"O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the Holy Grail.

*Tennyson*

*Sir Galahad*, the noblest and most saintly of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, who had been trained from childhood to a life of purity, of bravery, of self-sacrifice.

*casques*, helmets. *brands*, swords; so called from their flashing brightness. *meres*, lakes.

*lists*, the inclosed field or ground where the tournaments were held. Ladies attended these knightly combats, and rewarded the victors.

*the Holy Grail*: Grail is an old word meaning cup. The Holy Grail was the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper, and which, according to ancient British tradition, was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea after the Crucifixion. Joseph had the cup at Calvary, and received into it some of the Precious Blood from the bleeding wounds of Christ. It remained in his family until one of his descendants committed a sin, when the cup mysteriously disappeared. Henceforth the favorite enterprise of King Arthur's Knights was to go in quest of it, and such quest was to be undertaken only by a knight who was perfectly chaste in thought, word, and act. This legend has been immortalized in prose and poetry. Read "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by Lowell. Sir Launfal was another of King Arthur's Knights.

In the Middle Ages, each country had its knights, strong, brave men, fond of adventure, who bound themselves by vow to fight against the enemies of the Church and King, to right human wrongs, to lead a pure life, to defend the weak, and in particular to protect and honor women.

*leads*, roofs covered with sheets of lead. *hostel*, hotel.  
*hall*, the nobleman's castle. *grange*, farmhouse.  
*pale*, a space or field inclosed by a fence.

Find several examples of Alliteration in the poem. Note the omission of rime in the ninth line of each stanza, and the internal rime in the eleventh. Read these fourteen lines.

This poem is remarkable for lyric sweetness and smoothness. It sings itself into the heart. Commit it to memory.

Write a composition of three paragraphs about the ceremony of conferring knighthood. You may write under the following headings:

1. The training the boy received in preparation.
2. The vows he took when he was made a knight.
3. How knighthood was conferred.

## About Books and How to Read Them

I want to speak to you about books and how to read them. We, all of us, wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, and according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true and our companions wise, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those

whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only partially open.

We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice, or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly; we may intrude ten minutes talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive. And yet, these momentary chances we covet; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience but to gain it;—kings and statesmen, lingering patiently in those plainly-furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

All books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. The good book of the hour,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's pleasant talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic storytelling; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; all these books of the hour are a peculiar characteristic and possession of

the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. This is the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; carve it on a rock, if he could, saying, "This is the best of me; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" that is a "Book."

Books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice. This court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish. This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. Will you go and gossip with the housemaid or the stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to them they cannot stoop to you. The living philosopher may explain his thought to you with

considerable pains, but here he does not interpret; you must rise to the level of his thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share his feelings, if you would recognize his presence.

If the author is worth anything, you will not get at his meaning all at once. Not that he does not say what he means in strong words, but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and most patient fusing, before you can gather one grain of the precious metal.

Therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively, you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you

are for evermore, in some measure, an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly.

An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar.



*John Ruskin*

*Words for Study:* di vis'i ble, mo'men ta ry, il lit'er ate, ar is toc' ra cy, mul ti tu'di nous, au thor'i ta tive ly.

### Columbia-Shamrock Race, October 4, 1901

Imagine two superb racing yachts, swaying and staggering before a wind which had the weight of half a gale in it, their swollen sails threatening each moment to bid farewell to creaking boom and buckling spar. Picture, if you can, the storm of foam which came boiling about the flying yachts as, driving before wind and sea, they rose buoyantly to the swells to sink stern first into the sloping valleys that came racing after them. Then home again, with flat sails as taut as drum-heads and lee scuppers knee deep in foam, the one straining spar and shroud and sail and stay in a terrific effort to keep the vantage gained—the other as desperately striv-

ing to overcome the lead. 'Twas well worth the ten misspent days which excursionists had squandered on those other lifeless efforts at racing and which proved to be little more than days of fog and calm and drift.

Straight out of the north a lively wind was blowing when the two yachts arrived off the lightship. The wind had a twenty mile an hour gait, and the Shamrock, as she dipped her green hull into the sea, had a now-or-never look about her. It was the wind that Sir Thomas had been looking for, and in it, as all realized, lay the Shamrock's last, long, lingering hope of taking away the cup. In all other sorts of weather she had been weighed and found wanting. It remained to see what she could do in a wind of the kind that was blowing now.

The start was at the lightship, and the course was a fifteen-mile run to leeward and a beat back to the finish line. Both boats were standing to the northward under mainsail and jib when the preparatory gun was fired. The wind then was too brisk for the yachts to show club topsails, but their working topsails were up in stops and ready for setting. The Shamrock's was sheeted home three minutes after the preparatory gun was heard, the Columbia setting her staysail four minutes later.

At five minutes to eleven came the warning gun, and the two racers headed for the line, both jockeying for position, and neither gaining any decided advantage. The starting gun was fired, and the Shamrock stood across the line, showing mainsail, working topsail, jib, and staysail. The challenger crossed at 11:34, followed one minute and one second later by the defender. The Shamrock lowered her spinnaker boom to starboard as she crossed the line, but Captain Hogarth did not get it

set until a full half minute after the Deer Isle sailors had sent the Columbia's swelling to the wind. On the other hand, the Columbia had not set her working topsail, while that of the Shamrock was gradually drawing that vessel away from the Columbia.

Meanwhile the Shamrock's spinnaker was giving trouble, the sail hanging in stops a dozen feet or more from the topmast head. This disadvantage was evened by the queer capers which the Columbia's spinnaker cut. The pole seemed to be too light for the great weight of wind which the sail was carrying, and it frequently tipped at an angle so sharp that it seemed as though the spar would be up ended. Once it went so high into the air that it looked as though the pole had been broken or if the crew were making efforts to take in the sail.

Despite all handicaps of tipping booms and the absence of gaff topsail the American boat continued to overhaul the Shamrock. Then the Columbia broke out her topsail, and soon afterward the Shamrock's men had the same old familiar view of the Columbia's stern they had so often looked upon before.

The wind held true and strong, and the run down the wind was as pretty a yachting scene as was ever witnessed. The excursion fleet toiling along on either beam had all it could do to keep pace with the winged racers. The gallant American was still in the van as the two neared the turning point. The jib which the Shamrock had been carrying had been replaced by the largest in her sail locker, and for a time it seemed as though she would hold her own. But not for long. In spite of change of canvas, in spite of everything that Captain Hogarth could do, the Columbia steadily drew away

from the Irish cutter. Nearing the outer mark both made preparations for turning it, the Columbia taking in her spinnaker as she brought the buoy broad off her starboard bow, the Shamrock doffing hers a half minute later. Luffing around the point, the Columbia stood away on the starboard tack, followed seventeen seconds later by the closely pursuing Shamrock.

The road home was the road of the rough, and immediately after heading into the wind both yachts began a lively dance over the tumbling seas. The defender was under mainsail, jib, and staysail. The Shamrock under the same sail, carried a working topsail in addition. She took that in at twenty-six minutes to one, the strain being too great for her rigging. Over the decks of both cutters the spray flew in sheets, and the lower edges of their mainsails were kept dark with the flying clouds of spray.

Whenever one altered her course the other followed. The tacks were frequent and at irregular intervals, but each time the Shamrock spilled the wind out of her sails, spun around upon her heels and filled on the other tack, her crew saw the Columbia still in the lead.

The Columbia gradually widened the gap and despite the Shamrock's attempt to overtake her swept grandly across the finish line at 40 minutes past two amid the shriek of whistles, followed 6 minutes and 34 seconds later by the Shamrock, beaten at every point of sailing and in every sort of weather.

*The New York Herald*



*Words for Study:* taut, scup'pers, hand'icaps, spin'-na ker, ex cur'sion ists.

Explain: Weight of half a gale; lee scuppers; a run to leeward; jockeying for position; Deer Isle sailors; luffing around the point; tacks were frequent.

The principal facts in an important article of a newspaper are given in a condensed form at the head of the column. Write the headings that the City Editor of *The Herald* may have used for the story of "The Columbia-Shamrock Race."

You are going to spend your vacation at Atlantic City, N. J. You will have a yacht at your command, whose captain sailed on the Columbia. Write a letter to a friend of yours inviting him to spend a week there with you. Tell him how you will make his visit pleasant.

Write his answer, declining, giving the reason, and expressing regrets.

### The Escape of Harvey Birch

The gathering mists of evening had begun to darken the valley, as the detachment of Lawton made its reappearance at its southern extremity. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease in their progress. In the front rode the Captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference, while the rear was brought up by a young cornet, humming an air, and thinking of the sweets of a straw bed after the fatigues of a hard day's duty.

Stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, the Captain asked, "What animal is that moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary," added the Captain, eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed: "Harvey Birch, the peddler-spy!—take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the Lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred. He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger.

He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of the approaching horse. Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unnoticed. Captain Lawton was too much engrossed in conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress. The

moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground it was seen, and the chase commenced.

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger, and his legs refusing their natural and now so necessary office. But it was for a moment only. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was in this manner passed unseen. But delay now became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and, still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of the trooper near him on the subject, when a man, at a short distance in his rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant, the stentorian voice of Captain Lawton rang through the valley, shouting—"Harvey Birch!—take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene instantly, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and he exclaimed bitterly—"Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed; he feared that if taken he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and only escaped that fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions; and he fled again before them.

A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill on whose summit was a place of perfect security against the approach of any foe.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to give him room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men, and the thundering tread of

the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head, in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw, within a bound of him, the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim suddenly fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil. All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper; and the peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me, and search these rocks; the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited Captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet; "if one of you dismounts,

he dies; Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence in his manner, as they reëntered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the Captain, catching his breath, and speaking with difficulty; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs."

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troop, riding to the side of the commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler-spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the Captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant; "are you an incendiary? would you burn a house in cold blood? Let a spark approach it, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

"There is life in the Captain, notwithstanding his tumble," exclaimed the sleepy cornet in the rear, as he was nodding on his horse.

From "The Spy."

*James Fenimore Cooper*



*Words for Study:* dragoons', ser'geant, lieu ten'ant, sub al'tern, im'mi nence, sten to'ri an, dis com'fi ted, in cen'di a ry, in stinc'tive ly, ac com'pa ni ments.

*cor'net*, formerly the lowest grade commissioned

officer in a British cavalry troop, who carried the standard.

*rowels* (rou'els), the wheels of a horseman's spurs, with short sharp points.

Why is Harvey Birch called a Patriot-Spy? Was Nathan Hale a patriot-spy? Was Major André? What is the difference between a spy and a traitor? Can an honorable man be a spy in the service of his country? Write five short paragraphs in answer to these five questions.

"The Spy" is a tale of Revolutionary times. The scene of the story is laid in the neighborhood of Mamar'oneck, Westchester Co., N. Y. Harvey Birch, the hero, is a patriot in the service of Washington. Read the whole story. You will find in it many stirring adventures. The extract given is a fair illustration of Cooper's style, not only in "The Spy" but in all his works.



Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth.

### Mortality

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.  
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old and the low and the high,  
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who beloved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king who the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the priest who the miter hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,  
That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ay! they died: and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

*William Knox*



“Mortality” was President Lincoln’s favorite poem.

### The Pardon of St. Mary Magdalene

While still excited by the raising to life of the widow’s son and by the coming of the messengers from St. John the Baptist, the little city of Naïm was to be the scene of one of the most touching incidents in the whole gospel.

A Pharisee, named Simon, invited the Savior to a

banquet. Curiosity, and the pleasure of entertaining an extraordinary personage, had induced him to tender this courtesy to Jesus. However, from pride, or from the fear of his sect, he affected an air of contemptuous coldness. The usual polite ceremonials were omitted: there was no one to bathe the feet of the Stranger, nor did any one kiss this Guest upon the cheek, nor offer Him perfumes for His hair.

Jesus made no complaint at meeting so cold a greeting in the house of one who had bidden Him to a formal feast. He entered the banquet hall and took His place at table. In the primitive times the Hebrews used to partake of their repasts, after the manner common among the Orientals of to-day, seated upon mats with their legs crossed; but ever since the Captivity they had dropped this custom in order to follow the prevalent fashion among the Greeks and Romans,—slipping off their sandals at the threshold, they reclined upon couches, which were ranged about the board, and helped themselves to the dainties, while leaning on the left arm, the body lying with the feet extended to the outer circle.

Among the interested spectators of the feast there stood a woman known throughout the whole town for her disorderly life. Upon hearing that the Christ was coming to this quarter of the city, she had hurried thither, clad in her usual rich garments, and clasping a vase of perfumes in her hand. She had pressed forward until she had reached the Lord, and there she remained listening to Him in silence. Very soon indeed the words of the Son of Mary found their way to her sin-stained soul; she threw herself weeping at the feet of the Master, humbly kissing them, drying them with her hair,

and then, breaking the alabaster vase, she covered them with the fragrant incense.

Simon looked across the table with haughty disgust at this woman who had prostrated herself before Jesus. Neither the woeful shame nor the great wretchedness of a heart torn by repentance could move him to pity; he could see in this sinful woman nothing but a disgraced and odious creature whose least touch would leave an ugly stain. His only surprise was that Jesus did not repulse her, as he or any other Pharisee would have done, in scorn and horror. "If this man were really a Prophet," he mused, "he would know what sort of a woman this is who is touching him; he would know that she is a sinner." These words were not uttered aloud; but the Pharisee, if only by his silence and his contemptuous manner, let his disdain be plainly seen by all.

Jesus answered his thoughts. "Simon," He said, "I have somewhat to say to you."

"Well, Master, say on," replied the host.

"A creditor had two debtors; one owed him five hundred pence, and the other fifty. As they had not wherewith to pay him, he remitted each one's debt. Which of the two now loves him most?"

Simon replied, without seeing what the Lord desired to prove from this, "Undoubtedly it would be he to whom he remitted the greater amount."

"You have judged rightly," answered Jesus; and then He turned His eyes full upon the sinner before Him. Huddled at His feet, she was shedding bitter, burning tears,—tears which St. Augustine has called the heart's blood. But because she was humble, and was therefore more enlightened than Simon, at the very mention of

debt she knew that He was alluding to her. The Master pointed to this penitent figure, continuing still to address the astonished Pharisee:

"Simon, do you see this woman?

"I entered your dwelling; you gave Me no water for My feet, while she indeed has washed My feet with her tears, and has wiped them with her hair.

"You gave Me no kiss; while she indeed, ever since I entered here, has not ceased to kiss My feet.

"You have not anointed My head with oil, while she indeed has bathed My feet with ointments.

"And so, for this reason, I say to you many sins shall be remitted unto her because she has loved much. But he to whom less is remitted loves the less."

The Heart of the divine Master overflowed in this forgiveness which he now granted to one who was looked upon as the vilest object in all humanity, the very symbol of lost and depraved womanhood. Not like Paganism, which would have devoted her to a life of shame beyond the slightest hope of escape, Jesus cast upon her a look of such deep and pure tenderness that the Pharisees themselves dared not wrong Him by an evil thought. He raised her from the earth, and though He did not lay upon her brow that flower of innocence which *once blighted never blooms again*, He crowned her with a glory far more austere,—the halo of repentance, and the great love of a pardoned soul.

And ever after that day the Fathers of the Church delight in discovering tokens of her presence as she follows the footsteps of the Master. She is among the Galilean ladies who went with Him, and waited upon their Lord. At Bethany she is seated at His feet in deep,

speechless contemplation; then, too, close by the tomb of her brother, Lazarus, and afterwards at the feast given by Simon the leper, finally upon Calvary, and at the Holy Sepulcher,—everywhere whither she could tread in the pathway of Him Who had saved her.

*Abbé Constant Fouard*

From "The Life of Christ, the Son of God."

Longmans, Green & Company, Publishers, New York and London.



*Simon the Phar'isee* must not be confounded with Simon the leper of Bethany, who, a few days before the Passion, gave a great dinner in honor of Jesus.

*Orien'tals*, natives of the Orient. What countries does the term *the Orient* comprise? Why so named? What words express meanings directly the opposite of Orient and Orientals?

*vase of perfumes*: There was no ceremony of more frequent occurrence in Judea than that of scattering costly perfumes over guests at table. The alabaster caskets destined to hold such perfumes were very fragile affairs; all that was needed to break them in pieces was a slight pressure upon the long and slender neck of the vase.

*Beth'any*, a village at the foot of Mt. Olivet, near Jerusalem, where Martha and Mary lived with their brother Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead. These people often entertained the Divine Master. See Gospel of St. Luke, x, 38-42.

What does St. Augustine call the *tears* of Mary Magdalene? Why?

The author says that Mary was more *enlightened* than Simon. To what virtue of hers does he ascribe this?

Why are the words, "once blighted never blooms again," printed in italics?

*re mit' ted*: Stem *mitt* (*mit*, *miss*)=*send*. What is the literal meaning of the word? What does it mean in the text? In what sacrament are sins remitted? What miracle did our Lord work to show "that the *son of man* hath power on earth to forgive sins?" (See Gospel of St. Matthew, ix, 2-8.)

Use the following words in sentences: emit, admit, remit, commit, permit, dismiss, mission, missive, missioner, transmit, emissary, permission, intermission.

Study carefully and reflect upon what the selection says of *Simon the Pharisee*. Find out other things that might in truth be said of such a man. The story of the two men who went up to the Temple to pray, one a Pharisee, the other a publican, will help you out. (See Gospel of St. Luke, xviii, 9-14.) Learn all you can about the Pharisee's dress, habits, manners, characteristics. Obtain a clear, correct mental picture of him.

Now, describe him in two paragraphs;—first as a *man*, second as a *host*. Let your description be *clear* and *orderly*. Make your portrait reveal the character of the man.

"If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full. For the Father Himself loveth you because you have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."

*Our Lord in the Gospel of St. John*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*Shakespeare*

“I am Thy Christ”

He walked alone beside the lonely sea,  
The slanting sunbeams fell upon His face,  
His shadow fluttered on the pure white sands  
Like the weary wing of a soundless prayer.  
And He was, oh! so beautiful and fair!  
Brown sandals on His feet—His face downcast,  
As if He loved the earth more than the heavens.  
His face looked like His Mother’s—only hers  
Had not those strange serenities and stirs  
That paled or flushed His olive cheeks and brow.  
He wore the seamless robe His Mother made—  
And as He gathered it about His breast,  
The wavelets heard a sweet and gentle voice  
Murmur, “Oh! My Mother”—the white sands felt  
The touch of tender tears He wept the while.  
He walked beside the sea; He took His sandals off  
To bathe His weary feet in the pure cool wave—  
For He had walked across the desert sands  
All day long—and as He bathed His feet  
He murmured to Himself, “Three years! three years!  
And then, poor feet, the cruel nails will come  
And make you bleed; but, ah! that blood shall lave  
All weary feet on all their thorny ways.”  
“Three years! three years!” He murmured still again,  
“Ah! would it were to-morrow, but a will—  
My Father’s will—biddeth Me bide that time.”

A little fisher-boy came up the shore  
 And saw Him—and, nor bold, nor shy,  
 Approached, but when he saw the weary face,  
 Said mournfully to Him: "You look a-tired."  
 He placed His hand upon the boy's brown brow  
 Caressingly and blessingly—and said:  
 "I am so tired to wait." The boy spake not.  
 Sudden, a sea-bird, driven by a storm  
 That had been sweeping on the farther shore,  
 Came fluttering towards Him, and, panting, fell  
 At His feet and died; and then the boy said,  
 "Poor little bird," in such a piteous tone;  
 He took the bird and laid it in His hand,  
 And breathed on it—when to his amaze  
 The little fisher-boy beheld the bird  
 Flutter a moment and then fly aloft—  
 Its little life returned; and then he gazed  
 With look intensest on the wondrous face  
 (Ah! it was beautiful and fair)—and said:  
 "Thou art so sweet I wish Thou wert my God."  
 He leaned towards the boy and softly said:  
 "I AM THY CHRIST." The day they followed Him,  
 With cross upon His shoulders, to His death,  
 Within the shadow of a shelt'ring rock  
 That little boy knelt down, and there adored,  
 While others cursed, the thorn-crowned Crucified.

From "Father Ryan's Poems."  
 P. J. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y., Publishers.

*Father Ryan*



*lave*, wash. The word comes from the Latin verb *lavo*.  
 Pronounce and define the following words, which come

from the same source: lava, lavatory, lotion, deluge, ablution, lavender.

"But Jesus, calling them together, said: Suffer little children to come to Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

*St. Luke, xviii, 16*

### A Lesson from Agassiz

It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and finally whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I proposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this fish," said he, "and look at it; by and by I will ask you what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object intrusted to me. "No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally to moisten the surface with alcohol from

the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground-glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious; and, though this alcohol had "a very ancient and fishlike smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, but treated it as though it were the purest water. Still, I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish, as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal, sloppy appearance.

This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but to return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed,—an hour,—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face; studied it from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters view. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field.

I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows, until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me,—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

"That is right," said he, "a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked." With these encouraging words, he added, "Well, what is it like?"

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill arches, the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body.

When I had finished he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment, remarked, "You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued more earnestly, "you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" and he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new feature after another until I saw how just the professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, toward its close, the professor inquired, "Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied; "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

"That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be, but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by the Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring. Here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides and paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased "Of course! of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night.

After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically, as he always did, upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to

my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalog.

"That is good! that is good!" he repeated, "but that is not all; go on;" and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look!" was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had,—a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study,—a legacy the professor has left to me, as he left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, and with which we cannot part.

*Samuel A. Scudder*



*Words for Study:* be grimed', a ver'sion, in ter dict'ed, dis con cert'ing, lab'o ra to ry, re sus'ci tate, in es'ti ma ble, perplex'i ties, un hes'i ta ting ly.

*Louis Agassiz* (äg'a see), an eminent Swiss naturalist, for many years professor of zoölogy and geology in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, Mass., born, 1807, died, 1873.

*zoöl'o gy*, that part of natural history treating of animals.

*explic'it; implic'it:* Learn what these two words mean.

*en to mol'o gy*, that part of zoölogy which treats of insects.

*ich thyol'o gy* (ik), the science which treats of fishes.

*pre'cincts* (sin̩kts): In words ending in *cts*, these consonants are often imperfectly rendered. The sound of each of the three letters should be heard.

*I was piqued; I was mortified:* Are these two expressions synonymous? Consult a book of reference for the exact meaning of *pique* and *mortify*. Use them correctly in sentences of your own construction.

*sym met' ric al* (rĭ kal), having the parts of one side corresponding with those of the other.

What is a naturalist? A muse'um? A legacy? What legacy is referred to in the last paragraph of the selection?

Hard! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,  
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!  
It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.

### The Launch of the Ship

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
"Take her, O Bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms."  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

From "The Building of the Ship."

*Longfellow*



*shores, props or supports for the ship.*

*Ship of State:* The Constitution and Laws of our country are here personified and apostrophized. What figures of speech are employed? Define them.

*We know what Master laid thy keel:* Who is meant? Name some of the *workmen* who wrought the "ribs of steel."

Read carefully the first fourteen lines of the selection. Master the thought they contain. Close the book, and reproduce the thought in your own style. Use freely the language employed by the author.

Write a paragraph showing that Christianity alone can save our good old Ship of State from shipwreck.

Commit to memory and declaim the last twenty-two lines of the selection.

## Sleepy Hollow

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves that indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called

Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days.

Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat from the world and its distractions, where the bustle of a noisy city could not penetrate, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I would know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very

atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrik Hudson.

Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander in chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a headless figure on horseback. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance.

Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried

in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak. Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished material for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity which I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and to see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though years have elapsed since I trod the shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether

I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Washington Irving



*Words for Study:* coves, in dent', pervade', rev'erie, au then'tic, mi gra'tion, seques'tered, col lat'ing, appar'i'tions, invet'er ate, pro pen'si ty, rever'ber a ted.

*Tappan Zee*, an extensive expansion of the Hudson River, at Tarrytown.

*Pocantico Hills* overlook the "sequestered glen known by the name of Sleepy Hollow." The Christian Brothers' Normal Institute occupies a site on the highest of these historic Hills.

*pow' wows*, gatherings of the Indians attended with great noise and confusion, feasting and dancing.

*Hendrik Hudson*, a famous English navigator, who discovered the Hudson River in 1609. He was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, and died about 1611.

*nightmare*, a fiend or spirit formerly supposed to cause trouble in sleep.

*Hessian*: The Hessians were mercenary troops hired by the English to fight against the Americans in the War of the Revolution.

Go over the selection, and point out some of its beauties of language and thought, together with some of its most effective expressions and passages.

## The Bivouac of the Dead

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
The brave and daring few:  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought, at midnight haunts,  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;  
Their plumèd heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,  
The trumpet's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past;  
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more shall feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane  
That sweeps his broad plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain  
Came down the serried foe.  
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt  
To meet them on the plain;  
And long the pitying sky hath wept  
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave:  
She claims from War his richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field;  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield:  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by  
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood you gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave!  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless songs shall tell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

*Theodore O'Hara*

*tattoo'*, The beat of drum at night, giving notice to soldiers to retreat, or to repair to their tents in camp.

*Spartan mother*: An allusion to the advice of the mothers of Sparta to their sons on sending them forth to battle,—“Return with your shield or on it,” meaning Victory or Death.

“The Bivouac of the Dead” was written in memory of the author’s comrades who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, in 1847, and who were brought home and buried in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky. Read an account of this battle.

The copy of the poem printed in this Reader, finally revised by the author and entrusted to his sister, Mrs. Mary O’Hara Price, is the copy he meant for posterity. General Joseph Wheeler pronounced it the greatest martial elegy in existence. Compare it with “How Sleep the Brave!” by William Collins, “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” by Charles Wolfe, and “The Funeral March of Dundee,” by William E. Aytoun. It will not suffer by the comparison.

Read a charming little volume, “The Bivouac of the Dead and its Author,” by Mr. George W. Ranck, a prominent writer and artist of Lexington, Kentucky, and published by The Grafton Press of New York.

## How Sleep the Brave!

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

*William Collins*



\* \* \* \* \* They never fail who die  
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,

They but augment the great and sweeping thoughts  
That overspread all others, and conduct  
The world at last to freedom.

*Lord Byron*

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*Gray*

The path to duty is the way to glory.

*Tennyson*



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

Daniel O'Connell

## Eloquence of Daniel O'Connell

Broadly considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly not in English speech.

I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had; it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth anyone so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive, like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all.

There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent,—infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. I saw him at over sixty-six years of age; every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace. You could only think of a greyhound as you looked at him; it would have been deli-

cious to have watched him, if he had not spoken a word.

His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,  
It played with each wild passion as it went,—  
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,  
And sob or laughter answered as it willed.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, Clay could magnetize the million. O'Connell was Clay, Everett, and Webster in one. He was once summoned to court out of the hunting field, when a young friend of his of humble birth was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat found near the body of the murdered man, which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence, confuse the testimony, and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances; but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the circumstances, and taking up the hat (in evidence) said to the witness, "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, that is Mike's hat." "How do you know it?" "I will swear to it, sir." "And did you really find it by the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you're not ready to swear to that?" "I am, indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hangs on your word? A human soul. And with that dread burden, are you ready to tell this jury that the hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to the prisoner?" "Yes, Mr. O'Connell; yes, I am."

O'Connell takes the hat to the nearest window and peers into it,—"J-a-m-e-s, James. Now, Pat, did you see

that name in the hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell." "You knew it was there?" "Yes, sir; I read it after I picked it up." "There is no name in the hat, Your Honor."

O'Connell had neither office nor title. Behind him were three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them, and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offense, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets,—any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness,—his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose,—that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race ever produced.

*Wendell Phillips*

*Words for Study:* stat'ute, so bri'e ty, mag'netism, an'thra cite, em bar'rass ing, dis in'ter est ed ness.

*Daniel O'Connell*, a famous Irish orator and representative of the Irish people, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1775. His advocacy of Catholic rights and his refusal to take the British Parliamentary oath, finally resulted in the passage of a bill for Catholic Emancipation. He died at Genoa, in 1847, while on a journey to Rome.

*Webster, Everett, Calhoun, Clay, Choate, Prentiss*, were all great American orators and statesmen.

*Demos' the nes* (nēz), a great Athenian orator, who lived in the fourth century before Christ.

*trib'une*, in ancient Rome an officer or magistrate chosen by the people to defend them against all oppression.

*Mirabeau* (mīra bō'), a leader in the French Revolution; born 1749, died 1791.

*Bulwer*, an English author, born 1801, died 1872.

*classic times*, the period when the best literature of ancient Greece and Rome was produced.

Answer the following questions in writing: Why did O'Connell refuse to take the British Parliamentary oath? What is meant by Catholic Emancipation? Who was Wendell Phillips?

## The Ride from Ghent to Aix

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three:  
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;  
 "Speed!" echoed the walls to us galloping through;  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
 Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,  
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;  
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past;  
 And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,  
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;



Wide World Photo

Robert Browning

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent  
back

For my voice, and the other bent out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;  
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick  
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering  
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of her flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like  
chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circle of red for each eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast my loose buff coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrups, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

*Robert Browning*



*Ghent* (gěnt), a city of Belgium, on the river Scheldt (skělt), thirty miles from Brussels.

*Aix-la-Chapelle* (āks-lä-shā pel'), an ancient city of Prussia.

The other places mentioned in the poem are towns upon the road from Ghent to Aix. Look them up on the map.

*I sprang*: It is not easy to believe there is no historical foundation for this poem, but the author himself says there is not. He wrote it after having been at sea long enough to appreciate the fancy of a gallop on the back of a good horse. The rhythm of the poem is in striking contrast with the long, monotonous roll of ocean waves. Note the music of the galloping movement.

*Joris, Dirck, I*, the three riders.

*pōs' tern*, a small gate in the city wall.

*pique*, peak of the saddle.

*askance* (à skäns'), with a side glance, sideways.

*spume*, froth, foam.

*neck and croup over*, head over heels.

*buff coat*, a military coat made of buffalo skin, or other material, thick enough to resist a sword cut, or even a pistol bullet at long range.

*hōl' ster*, a leather case for a pistol, hung at the bow of the saddle.

*jack-boots*, heavy boots for rough service reaching above the knee. They served to defend the legs.

*bur' gesses*, the citizens.

Roland is the hero of the poem. On him attention is constantly fixed; to him constant reference is made. The failure of the other horses serves but to enhance the glory of Roland's great feat. When this central thought is perceived, the student of the poem becomes at once filled with the joy of the rider in the work of the steed.

Compare with "Paul Revere's Ride" by Longfellow, and note the points of resemblance between the two.

With some imaginary setting for the lines, tell or write out the story in prose.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down to save the day."

*T. B. Read*

## The Settlement of Maryland

Sir George Calvert had already become interested in colonial establishments in America. A native of Yorkshire, educated at Oxford, with a mind enlarged by extensive travel, advanced to the honors of knighthood, and at length employed as one of the two secretaries of state, he not only secured the consideration of his patron and sovereign, but the good opinion of the world. His capacity for business, his industry, and his fidelity are acknowledged by all historians. In an age when religious controversy still continued to be active, and when the increasing divisions among Protestants were spreading a general alarm, his mind sought relief in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church; and, preferring the avowal of his opinions to the emoluments of office, he resigned his place, and openly professed his conversion.

Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; and to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian denominations. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state.

Before the patent could finally be adjusted and pass

the great seal, Sir George Calvert died, leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach. His son, Cecil Calvert, succeeded to his honors and fortunes. For him, the heir of his father's intentions, not less than of his father's fortunes, the charter of Maryland was published and confirmed. Nor was it long before gentlemen of birth and quality resolved to adventure their lives and a good part of their fortunes in the enterprise of planting a colony under so favorable a charter. Lord Baltimore, who, for some unknown reason, abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant; and, on Friday, the twenty-second of November, 1633, with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert, and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the *Ark* and the *Dove*, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac. It was not till February of the following year that they arrived at Point Comfort in Virginia.

Leaving Point Comfort, Calvert sailed into the Potomac and ascended the stream. A cross was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and for England. At about forty-seven leagues above the mouth of the river, he found the village of Piscataqua, an Indian settlement, nearly opposite Mount Vernon. Not deeming it safe to plant the first settlement so high up the river, he descended the stream, examining in his barge the creeks and estuaries nearer the Chesapeake; he entered the river which is now called St. Marys and which he named St. George's; and about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac, he anchored at a

small Indian town. The natives, having suffered from the superior power of the Susquehannahs, who occupied the district between the bays, had already resolved to remove into places of more security in the interior; and many of them had begun to migrate before the English arrived.

The spot seemed convenient for a plantation. It was easy, by presents of cloth and axes, of hoes and knives, to gain the good will of the natives, and to purchase their rights to the soil which they were preparing to abandon. They readily gave consent that the English should immediately occupy one-half of their town, and, after the harvest, should become the exclusive tenants of the whole. Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made; so that, upon the twenty-fifth day of March, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place; and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Marys.

The foundation of the colony of Maryland was thus peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no cost to promote its interests. Under the mildness and munificence of Lord Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intoler-

ance. Such were the beautiful auspices under which Maryland started into being. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration.

"History of the United States."

*George Bancroft*



*Words for Study:* char'ter, aus'pices, in tol'erance, es'tu a ries, e mol'u ments, mu nif'i cence, con'tro ver sy, Pis cat'a qua, Ches'a peake, Sus que han' nahs, pro pri-etary.

*Pa'pists*, a term formerly applied in an offensive sense to Catholics because they acknowledge our Holy Father the Pope to be the visible Head of the Church on earth.

*pat'ent*, a document making a grant and conveyance of public lands.

*and there, too, Protestants were sheltered AGAINST PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE:* To what does our American historian here refer?

*religious liberty obtained its only home in the wide world:* What does the author mean? What other colony subsequently granted religious toleration in whole or in part?

In the last paragraph of the selection substitute synonyms where possible, and compare your work with the author's.

### To the United States

O "sprung from earth's first blood," O tempest-nursed,  
For thee what fates? I know not. This I know,  
The soul's great freedom, gift of gifts the first,  
Thou first on man in fullness didst bestow;  
Hunted elsewhere, God's church with thee found rest;  
Thy future's hope is she,—that queenly guest.

*Aubrey de Vere*

O Flower of Chivalry! O Southern Youth!  
Inheritors of Freedom, Faith and Truth!  
Children of Catholic Pilgrims, called to be  
The scions of most noble ancestry—  
Yours is the happy destiny to tread  
In the blest footprints of your glorious Dead.

*Eleanor C. Donnelly*

### The Flag and the Cross

Lift up the flag; yes, set it high beside yon gleaming  
Cross,  
Close to the standard of the cause that never shall  
know loss.

Lift praising voice, lift pledging hand; the world must  
hear and see

The soldiers of the Cross of Christ most loyal, dear  
flag, to thee.

But wherefore speak of loyalty? Who fears a watching  
world?

When have we flinched or fled from thee since first  
thou wert unfurled?

Carroll and Moylan spake for us, and Barry on the  
seas,

And a third of thy sturdy cradle guard—no Arnold  
among these.

And yet they call us aliens, and yet they doubt our  
faith,—

The men who stood not with our hosts when test of  
faith was death;

Who never shed a drop of blood when ours was shed  
like rain,

That not a star should fall from thee nor thy great  
glory wane.

O! Meagher, Meade, and Sheridan; O! rank and file as  
 brave,  
 Rise in your hundred thousands,—rise, and shame the  
 shallow knave.  
 Yea, mine own graves, give up your dead, hearts strong  
 in battle wild;  
 Bleed with my blood, wide wounds, once more—I am  
 a soldier's child.

Lift up the flag beside the Cross. Will freedom shrink  
 to be  
 Forever guarded by His sign who died to make us free?  
 "In this sign shall ye overcome," flamed forth from  
 heaven of old;  
 Yea, in the Cross the weak are strong, the fainting  
 heart is bold.

O mother State! O native land! O sacred flag! Again  
 We pledge you sonship, yea, and sword, in sight of  
 God and men.  
 The Cross is seal upon our oath, which angels glorify,  
 And, soldiers of the Cross of Christ, for you we'll live  
 and die.



*Author Unknown*

*aliens* (āl'yěns), those of our people who owe allegiance to *another* flag; foreigners. Write a paragraph telling what you think of the injustice of applying this term to American citizens of foreign birth, or to the sons of such citizens.

*Barry*: See Fifth Reader.

*Meagher, Meade, Sheridan*: In what battles of our Civil War did these generals distinguish themselves?

*In this sign shall ye overcome*: To what historical fact is allusion here made?

The child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man. *Pius IX*



Brown Bros. Photo

Nathaniel Hawthorne

## Old Ticonderoga

The greatest attraction, in this vicinity, is the famous old fortress of Ticonderoga, the remains of which are visible from the piazza of the tavern, on a swell of land that shuts in the prospect of the lake. Those celebrated heights, Mount Defiance and Mount Independence, familiar to all Americans in history, stand too prominent not to be recognized, though neither of them precisely corresponds to the images excited by their names. In truth, the whole scene, except the interior of the fortress, disappointed me. Mount Defiance, which one pictures as a steep, lofty, and rugged hill, of most formidable aspect, frowning down with the grim visage of a precipice on old Ticonderoga, is merely a long and wooded ridge; and bore, at some former period, the gentle name of Sugar Hill. The brow is certainly difficult to climb, and high enough to look into every corner of the fortress. St. Clair's most probable reason, however, for neglecting to occupy it, was the deficiency of troops to man the works already constructed, rather than the supposed inaccessibility of Mount Defiance. It is singular that the French never fortified this height, standing, as it does, in the quarter whence they must have looked for the advance of a British army.

In my first view of the ruins, I was favored with the scientific guidance of a young lieutenant of engineers, recently from West Point, where he had gained credit for great military genius. I saw nothing but confusion in what chiefly interested him; straight lines and zig-zags, defense within defense, wall opposed to wall, and ditch intersecting ditch; oblong squares of masonry

below the surface of the earth, and huge mounds, or turf-covered hills of stone, above it. On one of these artificial hillocks a pine tree has rooted itself, and grown tall and strong, since the banner staff was leveled. But where my unmilitary glance could trace no regularity, the young lieutenant was perfectly at home. He fathomed the meaning of every ditch, and formed an entire plan of the fortress from its half-obliterated lines. His description of Ticonderoga would be as accurate as a geometrical theorem, and as barren of the poetry that has clustered round its decay. I viewed Ticonderoga as a place of ancient strength, in ruins for half a century: where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; where armies had struggled, so long ago that the bones of the slain were moldered; where Peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of War. Now the young West-Pointer, with his lectures on ravelins, counterscarps, angles, and covered ways, made it an affair of brick and mortar and hewn stone, arranged on certain regular principles, having a good deal to do with mathematics, but nothing at all with poetry.

I should have been glad of a hoary veteran to totter by my side, and tell me, perhaps, of the French garrisons and their Indian allies,—of Abercrombie, Lord Howe, and Amherst,—of Ethan Allen's triumph and St. Clair's surrender. The old soldier and the old fortress would be emblems of each other. His reminiscences, though vivid as the image of Ticonderoga in the lake, would harmonize with the gray influence of the scene. A survivor of the long-disbanded garrisons, though but a private soldier, might have mustered his dead chiefs

and comrades,—some from Westminster Abbey, and English churchyards, and battlefields in Europe,—others from their graves here in America,—others, not a few, who lie sleeping round the fortress; he might have mustered them all, and bid them march through the ruined gateway, turning their old historic faces on me, as they passed. Next to such a companion, the best is one's own fancy.

At another visit I was alone, and, after rambling all over the ramparts, sat down to rest myself in one of the roofless barracks. These are old French structures, and appear to have occupied three sides of a large area, now overgrown with grass, nettles and thistles. The one in which I sat was long and narrow, as all the rest had been, with peaked gables. The exterior walls were nearly entire, constructed of gray, flat, unpicked stones, the aged strength of which promised long to resist the elements, if no other violence should precipitate their fall. The roof, floors, partitions, and the rest of the woodwork had probably been burnt, except some bars of staunch old oak, which were blackened with fire, but still remained imbedded into the window sills and over the doors. There were a few particles of plastering near the chimney, scratched with rude figures, perhaps by a soldier's hand. A most luxuriant crop of weeds had sprung up within the edifice, and hid the scattered fragments of the wall. Grass and weeds grew in the windows, and in all the crevices of the stone, climbing, step by step, till a tuft of yellow flowers was waving on the highest peak of the gable. Some spicy herb diffused pleasant odor through the ruin. A verdant heap of vegetation had covered the hearth of the second floor,

clustering on the very spot where the huge logs had moldered to glowing coals, and flourished beneath the broad flue, which had so often puffed the smoke over a circle of French or English soldiers. I felt that there was no other token of decay so impressive as that bed of weeds in the place of the backlog.

Here I sat, with those roofless walls about me, the clear sky over my head, and the afternoon sunshine falling gently bright through the window frames and doorway. I heard the tinkling of a cow bell, the twittering of birds, and the pleasant hum of insects. Once a gay butterfly, with four gold-speckled wings, came and fluttered about my head, then flew up and lighted on the highest tuft of yellow flowers, and at last took wing across the lake. Next a bee buzzed through the sunshine, and found much sweetness among the weeds. After watching him till he went off to his distant hive, I closed my eyes on Ticonderoga in ruins, and cast a dreamlike glance over pictures of the past, and scenes of which this spot had been the theater.

At first my fancy saw only the stern hills, lonely lakes, and venerable woods. Not a tree, since their seeds were first scattered over the infant soil, had felt the ax, but had grown up and flourished through its long generation, had fallen beneath the weight of years, been buried in green moss, and nourished the roots of others as gigantic. Hark! A light paddle dips into the lake, a birch canoe glides round the point, and an Indian chief has passed, painted and feather-crested, armed with a bow of hickory, a stone tomahawk, and flint-headed arrows. But the ripple had hardly vanished from the water, when a white flag caught the breeze, over a

castle in the wilderness, with frowning ramparts and a hundred cannon. There stood a French chevalier, commandant of the fortress, paying court to a copper-colored lady, the princess of the land, and winning her wild love by the arts which had been successful with Parisian dames. A war-party of French and Indians were issuing from the gate to lay waste some village of New England. Near the fortress there was a group of dancers. The merry soldiers footing it with the swart savage maids; deeper in the wood, some red men were growing frantic around a keg of the firewater; and elsewhere a Jesuit preached the faith of high cathedrals beneath a canopy of forest boughs.

I tried to make a series of pictures from the Old French War, when fleets were on the lake and armies in the woods, and especially of Abercrombie's disastrous repulse, where thousands of lives were utterly thrown away; but, being at a loss how to order the battle, I chose an evening scene in the barracks, after the fortress had surrendered to Sir Jeffrey Amherst. What an immense fire blazes on that hearth, gleaming on swords, bayonets, and musket barrels, and blending with the hue of the scarlet coats till the whole barrack-room is quivering with a ruddy light! One soldier has thrown himself down to rest, after a deer hunt, or perhaps a long run through the woods with the Indians on his trail. Two stand up to wrestle, and are on the point of coming to blows. A fifer plays a shrill accompaniment to a drummer's song,—a strain of light love and bloody war, with a chorus thundered forth by twenty voices. Meantime, a veteran in the corner relates camp traditions of Marlborough's battles, till his pipe, having

been roguishly charged with gunpowder, makes a terrible explosion under his nose. And now they all vanish in a puff of smoke from the chimney.

I merely glanced at the ensuing twenty years, which glided peacefully over the frontier fortress, till Ethan Allen's shout was heard, summoning it to surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress." Strange allies! thought the British captain. Next came the hurried muster of the soldiers of liberty, when the cannon of Burgoyne, pointing down upon their stronghold from the brow of Mount Defiance, announced a new conqueror of Ticonderoga. No virgin fortress, this! Forth rushed the motley throng from the barracks, one man wearing the blue and buff of the Union, another the red coat of Britain, a third a dragoon's jacket, and a fourth a cotton frock; here was a pair of leather breeches, and striped trousers there; a grenadier's cap on one head, and a broad-brimmed hat, with a tall feather, on the next; this fellow shouldering a king's arm that might throw a bullet to Crown Point, and his comrade a long fowling-piece, admirable to shoot ducks on the lake. In the midst of the bustle, when the fortress was all alive with its last warlike scene, the ringing of a bell on the lake made me suddenly uncloset my eyes, and behold only the gray and weed-grown ruins. They were as peaceful in the sun as a warrior's grave.

Hastening to the rampart, I perceived that the signal had been given by the steamboat *Franklin*, which landed a passenger from Whitehall at the tavern, and resumed its progress northward, to reach Canada the next morning. A sloop was pursuing the same track;

a little skiff had just crossed the ferry; while a scow, laden with lumber, spread its huge square sail, and went up the lake. The whole country was a cultivated farm. Within musket-shot of the ramparts lay the neat villa of Mr. Pell, who, since the Revolution, has become proprietor of a spot for which France, England, and America have so often struggled. How forcibly the lapse of time and change of circumstances came home to my apprehension! Banner would never wave again, nor cannon roar, nor blood be shed, nor trumpet stir up a soldier's heart, in this old fort of Ticonderoga. Tall trees have grown upon its ramparts, since the last garrison marched out, to return no more, or only at some dreamer's summons.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*



*Words for Study:* allies', ravelins (răv'linz), tom'ahawk, chev a lier', com man dant', West' min ster, ap pre hen'sion, math e mat'ics, ge o met'ric al (rĭ kal), pre cip'i tate, Ab'er crom bie, ob lit'er a ted, rem i nis'cen ces, in ac cess i bil'i ty.

*Ticondero'ga; Crown Point:* In 1775, Col. Ethan Allen, the leader of the famous "Green Mountain Boys," captured these forts from the English. They were situated on the west shore of Lake Champlain, in the State of New York, and were built by the French in 1756. They are now in ruins.

*Whitehall,* a town at the south end of the Lake.

*Marlborough,* an English general whose military genius and triumphs place him on a level with the greatest soldiers of the world. His reputation is tar-

nished by an act of base ingratitude and treachery towards his lawful sovereign and benefactor, James II.

*grenadiers'*, foot soldiers, so called because originally they carried and threw *grenades* or bombs.

Use in written sentences the *possessive singular* and the *possessive plural* of the following nouns:

boy, man, girl, lady, child, horse, author, woman, family, country, soldier.

Analyze the following words: attraction, explosion, description, intersecting, unmilitary, disastrous.

Explain the phrases: stern hills, lonely lakes, infant soil, venerable woods, weight of years, a dreamer's summons.

"Peace hath found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of War." Explain the figures of speech used. Express the same thought in literal language.

In the author's second visit to the old fort, what does he say was the most impressive token of decay?

Read aloud to the class the paragraph beginning, "Here I sat." Now close the book, and reproduce the thought orally, keeping as close to the style and language of the author as your memory will serve you.

Write a two-paragraph composition contrasting Ticonderoga as it *was* and as it *is*. Compose a third paragraph expressing a preference for one of the two.

In the last paragraph of the selection, find phrases introduced by *to*, *in*, *at*, *up*, *of*, *by*.

Assuming that you are Hawthorne, write a brief biography of yourself.

## Extracts from "Evangeline"

## I. OPENING LINES OF THE POEM

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced, neigh-  
boring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of  
the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts  
that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the  
voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian  
farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the  
woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-  
ever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts  
of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far  
o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
of Grand-Pré.

## II. VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to  
the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks with-  
out number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with  
labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the  
flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er  
the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away  
to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station  
descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and  
of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of  
the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and  
gables projecting  
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the  
doorway.  
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly  
the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in  
kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the  
golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within  
doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and  
the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons  
and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely  
the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

### III. GENTLE EVANGELINE

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed  
in the meadows.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell  
from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of  
beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and  
the earrings  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long gen-  
erations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction  
upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the  
farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and  
a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing  
around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a  
footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,  
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with  
its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the  
horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farmyard;  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
plows and the harrows.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-  
loft.  
There, too, the dove cot stood, with its meek and inno-  
cent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of  
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of  
Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his  
household.

#### IV. CLOSING LINES OF THE POEM

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its  
shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-  
yard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them;

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest  
and forever;

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are  
busy;

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased  
from their labors;

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed  
their journey.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of  
its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still  
    busy;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles  
    of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story;  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-  
    boring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of  
    the forest.



*Longfellow*

*Evangeline*: Alice Longfellow, the daughter of the poet, says that her father always pronounced Evange-  
line with the *i* short.

*forest prime' val*, a forest never disturbed by the ax;  
that from which the first growth of trees has never been  
cut down.

*Druids*, pagan priests of the Celtic inhabitants of  
ancient Gaul, Britain and Ireland.

*eld*, old. *hoar*, gray or white with age, hoary.

*Acadian land*: Nova Scotia was originally known as  
Acadia. In the appalling cold of the December of 1755,  
the French inhabitants of Acadia, to the number of  
several thousand, were cruelly torn from their homes  
and country by the English government, rudely thrust  
without money or provisions into the holds of ships,  
and scattered throughout the colonies from Massa-  
chusetts to Georgia. Wives were separated from their  
husbands, and children from their parents. The farms,  
cattle, houses were confiscated and handed over to  
colonists from England.

*Blom'i don*, a mountainous headland, about four hundred feet high, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas, in the Bay of Fundy.

*Grand-Pré*, great meadows.

*Normandy*, the name of an old French province, bordering on the English channel.

*kirtle*, the jacket, and skirt attached to it, worn by women.

*dis'taff*, the staff for holding the bunch of flax from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.

*Benedict Bellefontaine*: Who was he? Where did he live? How old was he? How does the poet describe him? In what is he like to the oak tree? Find ten other comparisons in the selections, and tell which one you consider the most beautiful.

*kine*, cows. *e the'real*, spirit-like, angel-like.

*penthouse*, a sloping roof built over the beehives.

*trough* (tröf), a long, hollow vessel for holding water.

*the city*, Philadelphia.

Memorize the selections given, and other parts of the poem. The effort will be slight in comparison with the value. The entire poem abounds in exquisite pictures. Read it. You will enjoy the story.

Read also the article on "Acadia" by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. I.

"Mr. Longfellow manifested a sympathy for Catholic themes and doctrines and life. His emancipation from anti-Catholic prejudices began with his two years abroad—in France, Spain, Italy and Germany (1826-28), and

was completed in subsequent tours of Europe, and in his studies of medieval literature. He is America's best-loved poet. Sometimes the question arises, How could he seem to see the light so clearly and not follow it all the way? It is among the mysteries kept for the Life Beyond."

*Katherine E. Conway*

"The Christian Faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor."

*Hawthorne*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Shakespeare*

### Sword and Scimiter

Saladin led the way to a splendid pavilion where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen,—a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human

arm could wield it. Might I request to see you strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English—"For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned; give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around; "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it in his own, so lank and thin.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux, in English; "it will be

long ere your fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there.”

“Silence, De Vaux,” said Richard; “he understands or guesses your meaning.”

The Soldan, indeed, presently said—“Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to you.” So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. “Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?”

“No, surely,” replied the king; “no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow.”

“Mark, then,” said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin, indeed, and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone and muscle. He unsheathed his scimiter, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared with that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimiter across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of the saber, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous it were to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength."

From "The Talisman."

Scott



*Words for Study:* jug' gler, scim' i ter, pa vil' ion, sym' me try, in fe ri or' i ty.

*hedging bill*, a heavy knife used in pruning hedges.

*Excal' ibur*, the magic sword of King Arthur.

"The Talisman" deals with the period of the Crusades or Holy Wars. Richard I, King of England, surnamed the Lion-hearted, accompanied by many other European princes, had gone to the Holy Land to recover Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher from the Turks or Saracens. Saladin was the Soldan or Sultan of the Turks. The two monarchs met during a truce. Richard visited

Saladin in his tent. He wore his great two-handed sword, and was accompanied by his devoted friend, the English baron De Vaux.

*Composition.* A con'trast is a comparison by means of qualities that are very unlike. In the selection, note how the qualities of Richard are more clearly exhibited by contrasting them with those of Saladin; and *vice versa*. Write a composition of three paragraphs:

1. Compare the *physical qualities* of Richard and Saladin.
2. Compare their *qualities of head and heart*.
3. Compare the *feats* they perform.

## Reputation

Good name in man and woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something—  
nothing:  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare*

## St. Sebastian, Martyr

*Maximian.* Well! of this enough.  
 We lavish favors freely upon all,  
 But from how few can we expect true service?  
 From soldiers only. Men true to the death.  
 Men such as thou, Sebastian!  
 But from the gownsmen who frequent a court,  
 Fawning for favors, they are a base tribe.  
 Are they not, noble Fulvius?

*Fulvius.* Sire, your reproach is just,  
 But not to me. I know, I've ill requited  
 Your divinity's many liberal subsidies;  
 But now, at last, I can redeem my pawned faith.  
 I have found the foulest treason, the most fell conspiracy  
 About your majesty's most sacred person!

*Max.* How, sirrah! about our person?  
 Speak! or the words shall be drawn  
 From you with iron pincers—

*Fulv.* Sebastian is a Christian!

*Max.* Thou liest, thou dog! The captain of my guard,  
 The very keeper of my inmost trust—  
 Thou shall prove thy word, thou wretch!  
 Or die, as Christian scoundrel never died!

*Sebastian.* My liege, I spare you all trouble of proof;  
 I *am* a Christian! I glory in the name.

*Max.* Oh! ye gods, hear this! Was ever man  
 So served? Was ever prince so betrayed? One—one  
 Honored above all others, to join these infidel  
 Dogs who dishonor Rome, tear down our edict,  
 Undermine the state, plot against our very person

One raised to honor, to trust, to the first rank!  
Oh, ingrate! viper! scorpion! what shall I call thee  
Vile or bad enough?

*Seb.* Hear me, my liege. In that I am a Christian,  
You have the best bond of my fidelity!  
Listen, most noble emperor. Where is fidelity?  
'Twas this you asked me a moment since.  
I'll answer. Go to the prisons, strike the iron off  
The Christian's limbs; he is enchained fidelity.  
Go to the courts, unload the groaning rack.  
From the arena and the tiger's jaws snatch  
The maimed Christian,—maimed man; but whole  
In faith. Believe me, sire, no legion in your pay  
Can count as many loyal hearts as languish  
In Roman prisons charged only with their faith.  
And further, this: they never can be true  
To king or state, who do not, above all,  
Fear, honor, and obey the King of kings.

*Max.* Folly and madness! I'd rather have a body-  
guard  
Of wolves than Christians. Your treachery is enough—

*Seb.* No traitor am I, royal emperor. By night and  
day,  
Guarded, unguarded, I had access to you.  
If I were a traitor, the traitor's opportunity  
Offered at every hour—

*Max.* Yet you concealed your creed.  
You feared the bitter death due to your crime.

*Seb.* No, sire! Coward no more than traitor.  
I had a duty to my brethren—for them I lived;  
But hope had almost died within me.  
Fulvius, I thank thee!

Thou hast spared me the sad choice  
Of seeking death or bearing still a life  
I earnestly desire to give away.

*Max.* Ho! here, Quadratus! Arrest your tribune!  
Do you hear? What! you hesitate?

*Quadratus.* My liege, I, too, am a Christian.

*Max.* What! more of it! Here, seize me that centurion!

Bear him away to instant execution.  
But for this chief offender, take him to Hyphax,  
The captain of my sure Numidian bowmen.  
Bid them in Adonis' grove tie up this traitor,  
And send an arrow into every joint,  
And draw the treacherous blood from every pore,  
And kill him sense by sense, and joint by joint,  
Leaving the heart and brain to beat and burst  
Until the last drop ebbs from out his veins.  
Begone! and answer with your lives for his.

Adapted from "Fabiola."

*Cardinal Wiseman*

*Words for Study:* in'grate, requit'ed, cen tu'ri on,  
*sirrah* (sîr'â), a term of address to a man or a boy, and  
used in anger or contempt.

Make a list of the characters in the extract, and after each write a sentence or two telling who and what he was. If necessary, consult "Fabiola."

Let a pupil represent each character, and let the piece be memorized and "acted" before the class. If the young actors have discovered the thought behind the words, and have caught the spirit of the piece, they will read their lines with the proper force and expression. An exercise of this kind affects for good the reading spirit of the class, and should be of weekly occurrence.



Brown Bros. Photo

Lord Byron

## Waterloo

The battle of Waterloo was the last of that series of great wars which grew out of the French Revolution, and resulted in the final and total overthrow of Napoleon. It was fought on June, 18, 1815. Napoleon was exiled to the island of St. Helena, where he died in 1821. The disaster to the French was so decisive that the word *Waterloo* has become a synonym for a final and deciding blow. The Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and conqueror of Napoleon, was born in Ireland in the year 1769, and died in 1852.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips,—“The foe! they come!  
they come!”

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving if aught inanimate e'er grieves —  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." *Lord Byron*



Find the *main thought* in each of the six stanzas given.  
Develop these thoughts in a composition of six paragraphs.



Brown Bros. Photo

Dr. Henry Van Dyke

## The First Christmas Tree

This selection is taken from "The Blue Flower," a book of nine charming stories by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Only the last portion of the story is given. The following is a brief summary of the preceding portions:

It is the day before Christmas, in the year of our Lord 722. Winfried, a holy and learned English monk, whose name in the Roman tongue was Boniface, visited the abbey of Pfulzel near Treves, on the river Moselle, a branch of the Rhine, and entertained the religious with the story of his wonderful labors in the cause of Christ among the pagan tribes of Germany. The young Prince Gregor, a big, manly boy of fourteen or fifteen years, and grandson of the royal Abbess Addula, was an interested listener, and became so inflamed with zeal for the glory of God that he at once resolved to join the little band of Christian warriors and consecrate his life to the conversion of pagan peoples.

Two years had passed since that Christmas Eve in the cloister of Pfulzel. Winfried, now a bishop, and with the sturdy young Prince Gregor keeping step close beside him, led his little band of heroic missionaries northward through the wide forest that rolled over the hills of central Germany. He was on his way to the place of the great Thunder-Oak, under whose giant leafless limbs the heathen people of the forest had that night gathered before an immense fire, to hold council and to offer a human sacrifice to their god Thor. Winfried suddenly appeared in the midst of them as they were making ready to slay their victim, and, as a kinsman of

the German brotherhood in England, claimed the warmth of their fire in the winter night.

"Welcome, welcome, kinsman," said the pagan priest, Hunrad; "but be silent, and behold what the gods have called us hither to do." The priest had selected Bernhard, the little son of the chieftain Gundhar, as the victim to be immolated. Bernhard "was a boy like a sunbeam, slender and quick, with blithe brown eyes and laughing lips, the darling of the people."

"Hearken, Bernhard," said the priest to him; "wilt thou go to Valhalla, where the heroes dwell with the gods, to bear a message to Thor?" The boy answered swift and clear: "Yes, O priest, I will go if my father bids me. Naught fear I." As the stone hammer, poised over the child's fair head, turned to fall, Winfried thrust his heavy staff mightily against the handle. Sideways it glanced from the old priest's grasp, and the black stone, striking on the edge of the altar on which the blindfolded boy was kneeling, split in twain. A shout of awe and joy rolled along the living circle. As the shout died away, the people saw the lady Irma, mother of little Bernhard, with her arms clasped round her child, and above them, on the altar stone, Winfried, his face shining like the face of an angel.

A swift mountain flood rolling down its channel; a huge rock tumbling from the hillside and falling in midstream: the baffled waters broken and confused, pausing in their flow, dash high against the rock, foaming and murmuring, with divided impulse, uncertain whether to turn to the right or the left.

Even so Winfried's bold deed fell into the midst of the thoughts and passions of the council. They were

at a standstill. Anger and wonder, reverence and joy and confusion surged through the crowd. They knew not which way to move: to resent the intrusion of the stranger as an insult to their gods, or to welcome him as the rescuer of their prince.

The old priest crouched by the altar, silent. Conflicting counsels troubled the air. Let the sacrifice go forward; the gods must be appeased. Nay, the boy must not die; bring the chieftain's best horse and slay it in his stead; it will be enough; the holy tree loves the blood of horses. Not so, there is a better counsel yet; seize the stranger whom the gods have led hither as a victim and make his life pay the forfeit of his daring.

The withered leaves on the oak rustled and whispered overhead. The fire flared and sank again. The angry voices clashed against each other and fell like opposing waves. Then the chieftain Gundhar struck the earth with his spear and gave his decision.

"All have spoken, but none are agreed. There is no voice of the council. Keep silence now, and let the stranger speak. His words shall give us judgment, whether he is to live or to die."

Winfried lifted himself high upon the altar, drew a roll of parchment from his bosom, and began to read.

"A letter from the great Bishop of Rome, who sits on a golden throne, to the people of the forest, Hessians and Thuringians, Franks and Saxons. *In nomine Domini, sanctae et individuae Trinitatis, amen!*"

A murmur of awe ran through the crowd. "It is the sacred tongue of the Romans; the tongue that is heard and understood by the wise men of every land. There is magic in it. Listen!"

Winfried went on to read the letter, translating it into the speech of the people.

"We have sent unto you our Brother Boniface, and appointed him your bishop, that he may teach you the only true faith, and baptize you, and lead you back from the ways of error to the path of salvation. Hearken to him in all things like a father. Bow your hearts to his teaching. He comes not for earthly gain, but for the gain of your souls. Depart from evil works. Worship not the false gods, for they are devils. Offer no more bloody sacrifices, nor eat the flesh of horses, but do as our Brother Boniface commands you. Build a house for him that he may dwell among you, and a church where you may offer your prayers to the only living God, the Almighty King of Heaven."

It was a splendid message: proud, strong, peaceful, loving. The dignity of the words imposed mightily upon the hearts of the people. They were quieted as men who have listened to a lofty strain of music.

"Tell us, then," said Gundhar, "what is the word that thou bringest to us from the Almighty? What is thy counsel for the tribes of the woodland on this night of sacrifice?"

"This is the word, and this is the counsel," answered Winfried. "Not a drop of blood shall fall to-night, save that which pity has drawn from the breast of your princess, in love for her child. Not a life shall be blotted out in the darkness to-night; but the great shadow of the tree which hides you from the light of heaven shall be swept away. For this is the birthnight of the white Christ, son of the All-Father, and Saviour of mankind. Since he has come to earth the bloody sac-

rifice must cease. The dark Thor, on whom you vainly call, is dead. His power in the world is broken. Will you serve a helpless god? See, my brothers, you call this tree his oak. Does he dwell here? Does he protect it?"

A troubled voice of assent rose from the throng. The people stirred uneasily. Women covered their eyes. Hunrad lifted his head and muttered hoarsely, "Thor! take vengeance, Thor!"

Winfried beckoned to Gregor. "Bring the axes, thine and one for me. Now, young woodsman, show thy craft! The king-tree of the forest must fall, and swiftly, or all is lost!"

The two men took their places facing each other, one on each side of the oak. Their cloaks were flung aside, their heads bare. Carefully they felt the ground with their feet, seeking a firm grip of the earth. Firmly they grasped the axe-helves and swung the shining blades.

"Tree-god!" cried Winfried, "art thou angry? Thus we smite thee!"

"Tree-god!" answered Gregor, "art thou mighty? Thus we fight thee!"

Clang! clang! the alternate strokes beat time upon the hard, ringing wood. The axe-heads glittered in their rhythmic flight, like fierce eagles circling about their quarry.

The broad flakes of wood flew from the deepening gashes in the sides of the oak. The huge trunk quivered. There was a shuddering in the branches. Then the great wonder of Winfried's life came to pass.

Out of the stillness of the winter night, a mighty rushing noise sounded overhead.

Was it the ancient gods on their white battlesteeds, with their black hounds of wrath and their arrows of lightning, sweeping through the air to destroy their foes?

A strong, whirling wind passed over the tree tops. It gripped the oak by its branches and tore it from the roots. Backward it fell, like a ruined tower, groaning and crashing as it split asunder in four great pieces.

Winfried let his axe drop, and bowed his head for a moment in the presence of almighty power.

Then he turned to the people, "Here is the timber," he cried, "already felled and split for your new building. On this spot shall rise a chapel to the true God and his servant St. Peter.

"And here," said he, as his eyes fell on a young fir tree, standing straight and green, with its top pointing towards the stars, amid the divided ruins of the fallen oak, "here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts with the secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and songs and rites of love. The Thunder-oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in all Germany where the children are not gathered around the green fir tree to rejoice in the birthnight of Christ."

So they took the little fir from its place, and carried it in joyous procession to the edge of the glade, and laid it on the sledge. The horses tossed their heads and

drew their load bravely, as if the new burden had made it lighter.

When they came to the house of Gundhar, he bade them throw open the doors of the hall and set the tree in the midst of it. They kindled lights among the branches until it seemed to be tangled full of fireflies. The children encircled it, wondering, and the sweet odor of the balsam filled the house.

Then Winfried stood beside the chair of Gundhar, on the dais at the end of the hall, and told the story of Bethlehem; of the Babe in the manger, of the shepherds on the hills, of the host of angels and their midnight song. All the people listened, charmed into stillness.

But the boy Bernhard, on Irma's knee, folded in her soft arms, grew restless as the story lengthened, and began to prattle softly at his mother's ear.

"Mother," whispered the child, "why did you cry out so loud, when the priest was going to send me to Valhalla?"

"Oh, hush, my child," answered the mother, and pressed him closer to her side.

"Mother," whispered the boy again, laying his finger on the stains upon her breast, "see, your dress is red! What are the stains! Did some one hurt you?"

The mother closed his mouth with a kiss. "Dear, be still and listen."

The boy obeyed. His eyes were heavy with sleep. But he heard the last words of Winfried as he spoke of the angelic messengers, flying over the hills of Judea and singing as they flew. The child wondered and dreamed and listened. Suddenly his face grew bright. He put his lips close to Irma's cheek again.

"Oh, mother!" he whispered very low, "do not speak. Do you hear them? Those angels have come back again. They are singing now behind the tree."

And some say that it was true; but others say that it was only Gregor and his companions at the lower end of the hall, chanting their Christmas hymn.

From "The Blue Flower."

Henry Van Dyke



*Words for Study:* da'is, bal'sam, rhyth'mic, in tru'sion, älter'nate.

*Winfried*, a monk of the Order of St. Benedict, renowned for his great learning and missionary labors, was born in England about the year 680. In 718 he visited Rome. Pope St. Gregory II changed his name to Boniface, consecrated him Bishop, and commissioned him to preach the faith to the pagan tribes of Germany, of which country he became the Apostle. He received the crown of martyrdom in the year 755. His feast occurs on June 5th. See article on *St. Boniface* in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. II.

*Thor*, the god of *thunder*, and son of Odin, worshiped by the pagans of northern Europe. Thursday, *Thor's day*, was so called in his honor.

*Valhal'la*, the *hall* of the *slain*, was the place in which lived Thor and his chosen warriors slain in battle.

Get a copy of "The Blue Flower," and read carefully the entire story of "The First Christmas Tree." Gather together the scattered portions which have reference to Prince Gregor. Consider his noble birth, family connec-

tions, early education as befitted a prince. Study him as boy and young man. Notice his general appearance, his dress, his manner, his bearing. Observe his piety, purity, fervor, generosity, and obedience to the voice of God which called him to leave home and family to embrace the religious state. Note his manliness, fidelity, perseverance, attachment to St. Boniface and the cause he stood for. Compare him with the rich young man spoken of in the gospels. Consider his reward on earth and in heaven, in view of the promise of our Divine Lord—"Amen I say to you, there is no man that hath left home, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting" (St. Luke, C. 18, V. 29-30). Now, under the guidance of your teacher, make an orderly outline of a composition on "Prince Gregor." Write your composition out in full.

### What is Time?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs;  
"Time is the warp of life," he said. "Oh, tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"  
I asked the ancient venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote and warriors who bled:  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide

Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied,  
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.  
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years:  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare!"  
And bade us for eternity prepare.  
I asked a spirit lost: but oh, the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!  
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!"  
Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply:  
"Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of glory or the path of hell."  
I asked old Father Time himself, at last,  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
"By heavens," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;  
Time was, time is, but time shall be no more!"

*William Marsden*

## Life and Death

"What is life, father?"

"A battle, my child,  
Where the strongest lance may fail;  
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,  
And the stoutest heart may quail;  
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,  
And rest not day or night;  
And the feeblest little ones must stand  
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, father?"

"The rest, my child,  
When the strife and the toil are o'er;  
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,  
Says we need fight no more;  
Who, driving away the demon band,  
Bids the din of the battle cease,  
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,  
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father; I tremble and fear  
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,  
In the battlefield of life;  
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,  
He loveth the weak and small;  
The angels of heaven are on thy side,  
And God is over all."

*Adelaide A. Procter*

Why is life called a battle? Who are engaged in that battle? How long does the battle last?

Explain "stoutest heart," "wariest eyes," "demon band."

Who are "the feeblest little ones?" What are "the banner and spear?" How is God over all?

### Affliction—A Sonnet

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,  
 God's messenger sent down to thee: do thou  
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,  
 And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
 Then lay before him all thou hast: allow  
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
 The soul's marmoreal calmness: grief should be  
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,  
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
 Strong to consume small trouble, to command  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting  
 to the end.

Aubrey De Vere



*marmo' real*, resembling *marble*.

A sonnet is a complete poem of one stanza of fourteen lines, and is variously constructed. Nearly all our great poets have written sonnets, some of which are among the very best treasures of our literature.

## Christmas in Old England

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deemed the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer.  
 England was merry England when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honor to the holy night;  
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;  
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:  
 That only night in all the year  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
 The hall was dressed in holly green;  
 Forth to the wood did merry men go  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.

The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose;  
 The lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

From "Marmion."

Sir Walter Scott



*kirtle sheen*, a bright or showy dress or gown.

*under'ogating*, not detracting from, condescending.

*vulgar game*, a game played by the common people.

*post and pair*, an old game at cards.

What is Personification? Why do the words *Power* and *Ceremony* begin with capitals?

### Character of Washington

No matter what may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity; his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin: if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve on herself, and that all the

virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt, there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification; Cæsar was merciful; Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the Cabinet into a comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and such the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command; liberty unsheathed his sword; necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol!

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains; he left the glory of his self-denial to the victorious, and turned upon the

vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

*Charles Philips*



*Words for Study:* aggres'sion, ap pro' pri ate, ret ri bu'tion, pre par'a to ry, com pre hen'sive, rev o lu'tion-ist, ex em pli fi ca'tion.

*Cæsar, Scipio*, two famous Roman generals. *Hannibal*, a great Carthaginian general.

*Cab'inet*, the advisory council of the President. What officers compose it?

Define *council* and *counsel*, and use them properly in sentences of your own.

*the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian Artist:* What is the masterpiece? Who is the artist? Does the author refer to the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter, by Phidias, or to the marble statue of Venus, by Praxit'elès? Visit a museum of art, or consult a book of reference.

*The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy:* To what great discovery does the author here allude?

*A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood:* Write this sentence in three ways.

## Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius

### ACT IV—SCENE III—IN THE TENT OF BRUTUS

*Cas.* That you have wronged me, doth appear in this:  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters (praying on his side  
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember:  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman!

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,  
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to, you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more! fret till your proud heart  
break!

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor?  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,—  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life, you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love:  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
I had rather coin my heart  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my  
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;  
For Cassius is aweary of the world—  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O, Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O, Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Shakespeare*



*Brutus, Cassius*, two of the principal characters in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*. A conspiracy was formed against Cæsar, which resulted in his murder. After Cæsar's death they left Rome with their forces to fight against Antony and Octavius, who assumed control of the Commonwealth. They are in camp near Sardis when this bitter quarrel is supposed to have occurred. Read the whole Play, so as to be conversant with the events that lead up to this particular scene.

*Sardians*, inhabitants of the ancient town of Sardis, in Asia Minor.

*Slighted off*, treated slightly; disregarded.

*Nice offense*, a small, trifling offense.

*I an itching palm:* To have "an itching palm" is to be constantly desirous to sell favors for money. This accusation puts Cassius in a rage, and it is only with the utmost effort that he can control himself. Read the *I* of this expression with a sweeping upward inflection.

*honors this corruption:* Chastisement does not follow because it is *Cassius* who utters the threat.

*ides* (īdz), a term used in the ancient Roman calendar. It fell on the fifteenth day of March, May, July, and October, and on the thirteenth of the other months.

*contam'ināte*, to soil or corrupt by contact. Name eight synonyms of this word. Make a list of eight words having the same PREFIX and STEM, and after each write a sentence showing its proper use.

*trash:* Shakespeare frequently calls money trash. Further on in the selection he puts the words "vile trash" in the mouth of Brutus. And in *OTHELLO* he makes Cassio say, "Who steals my purse steals trash."

*Away, slight man:* SLIGHT here means silly, foolish.

In "Go show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble," what two words should receive most emphasis, and why?

*drachma* (drāk'mă), an ancient coin in value about twenty cents.

*indirection*, underhand or dishonest means.

*rascal counters*, money; coin;—used in contempt.

*Olympus* (līm'), a high mountain in Thessaly which Homer made the home of the gods.

*Plutus' mine:* PLUTUS was the god of riches. He is sometimes confused with PLUTO, the god of the infernal regions.

Write a paraphrase of the lines,—

“The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.”

In a poem, story, and the like, the principal personage is called the hero. Develop into a paragraph the topic sentence, “Brutus is the hero of JULIUS CÆSAR.” Give various proofs.

From what you know of Roman History of the period of the Play (Cæsar was assassinated in the year 44 B. C.), and especially from what you have learned in the selection, write two paragraphs, one describing Brutus, the other Cassius.

### The Art of Speaking

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. It out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance—that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the

first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others.

Oh, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably.

*Shakespeare*

### Sincerity the Soul of Eloquence

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men  
 By eloquence?—to rule them, or persuade?—  
 Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?  
 Reason and honest feeling want no arts  
 Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!  
 And, when you speak in earnest, do you need  
 A search for words? Oh! these fine holiday phrases,  
 In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,  
 These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl  
 And twist into a thousand idle shapes,  
 These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing,—

Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;  
 Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles,  
 In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.  
 If *feeling* does not prompt, in vain you strive.  
 If from the soul the language does not come,  
 By its own impulse, to impel the hearts  
 Of hearers with *communicated power*,  
 In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly!  
 Toil on forever, piece together fragments,  
 Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,  
 And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,  
 Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;  
 Startle the schoolboys with your metaphors, —  
 And, if such food may suit your appetite,  
 Win the vain wonder of applauding children,—  
 But never hope to stir the hearts of *men*,  
 And mold the souls of many into one,  
 By words which come not native *from the heart!*

Goethe



Explain "holiday phrases," "filigree ornaments."

## America

1. My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.
3. I love thy inland seas,  
Thy groves of giant trees,  
Thy rolling plains;  
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,  
Thy mystic cañons deep,  
Thy mountains wild and steep,  
All thy domains;
4. Thy silver Eastern strands,  
Thy Golden Gate that stands  
Fronting the west;  
Thy flowery Southland fair,  
Thy sweet and crystal air,  
O! Land beyond compare,  
Thee I love best.

5. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

6. Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

*Rev. Samuel F. Smith and Dr. Henry Van Dyke*



Who were the "Pilgrims?"

What did they seek in coming to America?

What are rolling plains? Locate one or two.

What is the Golden Gate? Why so called?

Explain "mystic cañons," "crystal air," "inland seas."

How can "rocks their silence break?"

Name and explain the figure in the first line of the poem.

What is the meaning of the last two lines of the second stanza?

In what respect is our country "a land beyond compare?"

What is the nature of the protection asked in the last stanza?

What is meant by "freedom?" Does an orderly school-boy enjoy freedom? Does an orderly citizen? Does a practical Catholic?

Show that a person who obeys the laws of God and his country enjoys true freedom. Show that a person who breaks these laws is not a freeman, but a slave.

What did Our Lord mean when He said, "You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free?"

Who is the "Author of liberty?" (6th stanza).

Study the poem by heart. Recite it. Sing it.

Note.—Stanzas 1, 2, 5 and 6 of "America" were written by Samuel Francis Smith while a student at Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1829. Stanzas 3 and 4 were written in 1906 by Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton University, to supplement the touch of New England scenery in the original poem. Professor Van Dyke's lines are in praise of the national glories of all America, and have the fervor and melody of the original.

With law dwells liberty; law maketh free;  
Fly law, and thou dost forge thyself a chain.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,  
Though poor or rich he be,  
Who struggles with the baser part,  
Who conquers and is free.

He may not wear a hero's crown,  
Or fill a hero's grave;  
But truth will place his name among  
The bravest of the brave.

My country, I love thee!—and oh! mayst thou have  
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;  
Mayst thou yield me that grave in thy own daisied  
earth,  
And my ashes repose in the Land of my Birth.

### The Flag Goes By

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State;  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right, and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,  
To ward her people from foreign wrong;  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by.

*Henry Holcomb Bennett*

### Literary Review

1. In a paragraph of from fifteen to twenty lines, describe the burial of Sir John Moore.
2. Write an argumentative paragraph covering the matter in "Let It Pass!"
3. Give a full explanation of the last sentence in Wordsworth's "True Equality."
4. From the poem, "Evangeline," select a vivid description and show why it is such.

5. Explain, "If the author is worth anything, you will not get at his meaning all at once."

6. Give Mara L. Pratt's estimate of the character of Shylock.

7. Quote the last four lines of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the last three of "At Fredericksburg."

8. Name the date and the birthplace of Washington Irving. Mention three of his works.

9. What are the merits of Thomas de Quincey as an author?

10. Give a synoptical account of the pardon of St. Mary Magdalene.

11. Write a paragraph of about ten lines, giving the leading events in the life of Cardinal Gibbons, and including the names of his principal works.

12. Give three short quotations, phrases, sentences, or lines, showing beauty or strength.

13. Review "How Sleep the Brave," page 211.



INDEX TO AUTHORS  
AND  
BIOGRAPHIES



## INDEX TO AUTHORS



- Bancroft, George, 226  
Bennett, Henry Holcomb, 291  
Brann, Rev. Henry A., D.D., 43  
Browning, Robert, 221  
Bryant, William Cullen, 86  
Byron, Lord, 259  
Collins, William, 214  
Cooper, James Fenimore, 182  
Dana, Rich. H., Jr., 83  
De Courson, Countess, 3  
De Quincey, Thomas, 97  
Donnelly, Eleanor C., 130  
Everett, Edward, 39  
Faber, Rev. Frederick, W., D.D., 125  
Fouard, Rev. Constant, 190  
Gibbons, James Cardinal, 74  
Goethe, von, Johann W., 286  
Goldsmith, Oliver 12  
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 233  
Huidobro, Carolina Holman, 151  
Irving, Washington, 121 205  
Jones, Sir William, 11  
Key, Francis Scott, 22  
Knox, William, 188  
Lippard, George, 19, 26  
Longfellow, Henry W., 48, 203, 241  
Lubbock, Sir John, 68  
Marsden, William, 271  
Maury, Matthew F., 138  
Miller, Joaquin, 102  
Moore, Thomas, 28  
Murray, Dr. John O'Kane, 31  
O'Hara, Theodore, 210  
O'Reilly, John Boyle, 71  
Phelps, Edward John, 135  
Philips, Charles, 276  
Phillips, Wendell, 217  
Pratt, Mara L., 105  
Procter, Adelaide A., 36, 273  
Randall, James Ryder, 79  
Repplier, Agnes, 89  
Ruskin, John, 174

- Ryan, Rev. Abram J., 196  
Scott, Sir Walter, 161, 250,  
275  
Scudder, Samuel A., 198  
Shakespeare, William, 278,  
285  
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 142  
Smith, Rev. Samuel F., 288  
Sprague, Charles, 115  
Stockton, R. F., 80  
Strang, Herbert, 63  
Tennyson, Alfred, 10, 41, 170  
Van Dyke, Dr. Henry, 263,  
288  
Wiseman, Nicholas Pat-  
rick, Cardinal, 53, 255  
Wolfe, Rev. Charles, 66

## BIOGRAPHIES



BRANN, RT. REV. MSGR. HENRY ATHANASIUS, D.D., was born in County Meath, Ireland, in 1837. He came to America with his parents in 1849, and settled in New Jersey. He attended St. Peter's Parochial School, Jersey City, St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Delaware, and St. Francis Xavier's, New York. After his ordination in Rome in 1862 he taught in Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., and was subsequently pastor in various churches in New Jersey and New York City.

Notwithstanding his very busy life as priest and pastor, Dr. Brann was a constant writer for Catholic reviews, magazines and newspapers. His books are "Curious Questions," "Truth and Error," "The Age of Unreason," and the "Life of Archbishop Hughes." He died in 1921.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, a noted American poet and journalist, was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and died at Roslyn, Long Island, in 1878. He studied law, and in 1815 was admitted to the bar. In the following year, when only twenty-two years of age, he wrote "Thanatopsis," which is by many regarded as his finest poem. He came to New York in 1825, and was for fifty years editor of the *Evening Post*. Dr. Bryant was a careful observer of nature, "as anyone may prove who will take a volume of his poems out into the woods and fields and read the descriptions in the presence of what is described." His writings in the *Evening Post* were often very anti-Catholic.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY, JR., an eminent American lawyer, was born in Massachusetts in 1815, and died in Rome in 1882. He is universally known as the author of "Two Years Before the Mast." He was studying at Harvard when his health failed. Determining to take a long sea-voyage, he sailed for two years as a common sailor, "before the mast," and then returned to finish his college course.

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, a distinguished essayist and voluminous writer, was born in England in 1785, and died in 1859. He was educated at Oxford University. "Joan of Arc" is one of his best essays. His chief work is "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." His style is superb, his powers of reasoning unsurpassed, his imagination warm and brilliant, and his humor delicate. He is said by some to be superior even to Macaulay.

EVERETT, EDWARD, editor, orator, lecturer, statesman, and man of almost universal culture, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1794. He studied at Harvard, and was graduated with the highest honors of his class. During his life he filled many honorable and responsible positions in his native State and in the Nation, and filled them all with distinguished success. On February 22, 1856, he delivered in Boston his celebrated lecture on Washington. He subsequently delivered this lecture in the principal cities of the country, and with the proceeds, nearly \$100,000, purchased Mt. Vernon. He died in 1865.

GIBBONS, JAMES CARDINAL, Archbishop of Baltimore, was born in Baltimore in 1834 and died there in 1921. He was ordained priest in 1861. In 1868 he was conse-

crated Bishop, and appointed first Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. In 1872 he was transferred to the See of Richmond, Va., and in 1877 was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Baltimore. In 1886 Pope Leo XIII created him a Prince of the Church. The Cardinal was an eloquent and gifted orator, a brilliant and forcible writer, and a leader in all matters pertaining to the interests of the Church in America. He was author of hundreds of timely essays, and of several books. His "Faith of Our Fathers" is known wherever the English language is spoken, and is much used in the work of the Missions to non-Catholics. "Our Christian Heritage" and "The Ambassador of Christ" are works of rare merit.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, poet, novelist, and historian, was born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London in 1774. He made his studies at Trinity College, Dublin. He traveled through Europe, living by his flute, and gave to the world, in "The Traveler," the results of his sight-seeing. This made him known to fame, but his improvidence and generosity always kept him struggling with want. His next great work, one by which he will ever be remembered, was a novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield." "The Deserted Village," and the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," were the last of his most famous productions. All are regarded as classics of literature. Goldsmith is one of those authors that are always *read*, while greater writers are only *praised*. In everything that he wrote there is a cheerfulness, a purity of sentiment, a quaint, droll humor, that seem to permeate his very *words*, and cause the printed page to speak like the author's luring voice. His is probably

the best example in English literature of what is called the "Natural Style."

HUIDOBRO, CAROLINA HOLMAN, teacher, journalist, and lecturer, is a native of Chile, South America. Through her mother, who was a Boston lady, she is descended from old New England stock, running back to Elder Brewster of *Mayflower* fame. On her father's side, her great-grandparents were natives of Holland. Her education, begun at home, was completed in the United States, after which she devoted fourteen years of her life to teaching in the public and private schools of Chile, making between times several visits to this country. In one of her lectures she tells the grand and magnificent story of "The Christ of the Andes," which she has summarized in this volume for the edification and instruction of the Catholic boys and girls of North America.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, one of the most eminent of American authors, was born in New York City in the year 1783. His parents were so patriotic that they decided to name their boy Washington, in honor of the noble hero who was then bringing to a successful finish the war for the freedom of our country from English rule. "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe" were the books that first interested him in all books of travel, and awakened in him a desire to visit other countries. When a boy of seventeen he made his first trip up the Hudson on board a sloop. It was then he received his first impressions of the Catskill Mountains, where is laid the scene of "Rip Van Winkle." He spent the years 1804 and 1805 traveling in Europe. "The

Sketch-Book" appeared in 1818, and "Bracebridge Hall" in 1822. His last and most elaborate work was "The Life of Washington," in five volumes. He died at his home, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, in 1859. Irving is one of the most graceful and popular writers of our country. His style is a model of ease, elegance and refinement. To him rightly belongs the title of "Founder of American Literature."

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, one of the most accomplished linguists that England ever produced, was born in London in 1746, and died at Calcutta in 1794. He studied at Oxford. Many of his poems are translations from the Oriental languages.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, an American lawyer and poet, was born in Maryland in 1780. A volume of his poems was published after his death, but the one composition that brought him undying fame was "The Star-Spangled Banner," which shot and shell and the fate of our nation called forth from the depths of his patriotic soul. He died in 1843.

LIPPARD, GEORGE, an American writer of considerable power and originality, was born in 1822, and died in Philadelphia in 1854.

LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN, born in London in 1834, died 1913. He was distinguished as an archæologist and naturalist.

MAURY, MATTHEW F., a great American scientist, was born in Virginia in 1806, and died there in 1873. His "Wind and Current Charts" is a famous work. In 1850 he published "The Physical Geography of the Sea."

This is a narrative of remarkable clearness and interest, and has given him a world-wide fame. He was for some time at the head of the National Observatory at Washington. When the Civil War broke out he entered the Confederate service, and afterwards was Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. His labors in extending the science of ocean currents and winds were so valuable as to earn for him the title of "The Pathfinder of the Sea."

MILLER, JOAQUIN (wä kēn'), "The Poet of the Sierras," was born in Indiana in 1841 and died in 1913. When the boy was thirteen years old his parents removed to Oregon. His book, called "True Bear Stories," gives an account of some very interesting experiences with bears. His poem, "Kit Carson's Ride," is a fair specimen of his poetry. His romance entitled "The Building of the City Beautiful" is written in beautiful prose. The poetic element in it is so strong that it might be termed a prose-poem. It contains some very fine descriptions.

O'HARA, THEODORE, soldier, lawyer, poet, and journalist, was born in the year 1820 in Danville, Kentucky, where his father, Kane O'Hara, conducted an academy. The father was an Irish gentleman whose collegiate training was his most valuable possession. He had been a fellow-rebel with Lord Edward Fitzgerald in the Irish uprising of 1798, and when that chivalrous but ill-fated nobleman was arrested Kane O'Hara escaped to America. The poet's maternal ancestors, who were Irish also, had emigrated to this country with Lord Baltimore rather than endure the disabilities then imposed by English law upon Catholics in their own unhappy land.

Theodore's earlier education was conducted entirely by his father, and completed in St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky. He afterwards studied law, and in 1842 was admitted to the bar. His first known poem is "The Old Pioneer," which is a noble tribute to the indomitable Daniel Boone. In 1846, when the Mexican War broke out, he promptly volunteered, and was appointed Captain. At the battle of Cherubusco, where he was severely wounded, he was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct. He wrote his famous "Bivouac of the Dead" in 1847. It was inspired by the sight of the graves of his comrades who had fallen at Buena Vista, and whose remains were brought home and reinterred in the State cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky. When the Civil War broke out he was made a Colonel in the Confederate Army, and fought gallantly all through the war. He died in 1867, fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church, and was interred in that same cemetery where sleep the warriors whose requiem he chanted, and where

"Glory guards with solemn round  
The Bivouac of the dead."

PHILLIPS, WENDELL, one of our great American orators, was born in Boston in 1811, and was a graduate of Harvard. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1834. He was ever an intense anti-slavery man, and his heart went out to all who suffered from injustice and oppression. He spent his life as the champion of human liberty; and as the rule of England over Ireland was severe in the extreme, it was natural that he should sympathize with the Irish people, and admire their great leader, Daniel O'Connell. He died in 1884.

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER, a Southern poet and journalist, was born in Baltimore in 1839. He was educated at Georgetown University, and during the Civil War served as Colonel on the side of the South. After the war he devoted himself to literature, and contributed articles to various Catholic publications. He was an agreeable writer on current questions, and a gentleman of fine tastes and literary instincts. His fame rests on "Maryland! My Maryland!" Colonel Randall was a Catholic by birth, a sterling son of the Church, and has left an untarnished memory to his children. He died at his home in Augusta, Ga., on January 14, 1908.

REPPLIER, AGNES, was born in Philadelphia, and still resides there. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Torresdale, near Philadelphia. In her charming book, "In Our Convent Days," she tells of her own life at school. She is the author of many delightful volumes of essays, marked by a delicate and fascinating humor. In her chosen line she is not surpassed by any living writer of English.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, famous as a great master of fiction, as a poet and novelist, was born in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1771. When a boy he spent much of his time in reading stories of adventure, travel, and voyages. He was educated at the University of Edinburg, and afterwards studied law. "Marmion," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "The Lady of the Lake" are Scott's three great poems. In 1805 he began that marvelous series of historical romances, "The Waverly Novels," which have given him an unrivaled name in

this field of literature. In descriptive writing he has no equal. He died at Abbotsford in 1832.

SMITH, DR. SAMUEL F., a noted Baptist clergyman, editor and teacher, was born in Boston in 1808. He is author of many songs and hymns. His "America" is read and sung from end to end of our land. He died in 1895.

SPRAGUE, CHARLES, a great favorite as an orator, whose speeches were marked by strength and brilliant style, was born in Boston in 1791, and died in 1875. Though employed for nearly forty years as cashier in a bank, he spent much time in writing. The fate of the American Indians aroused his sympathy. He felt that they had been greatly wronged by the white men.

VAN DYKE, DR. HENRY, Professor of English literature at Princeton University, was born in Germantown, Pa., in 1852; but when he was very young the family moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where most of his boyhood was spent. He entered Princeton as a student in 1868, and all through his brilliant course his enthusiasm for literature displayed itself. He was graduated in 1873, winning the most distinguished honors of his Alma Mater. Four years later he finished his theological course in the Princeton Seminary, after which he spent some time studying at the University of Berlin, and in travel through Europe. He was afterwards for seventeen years Pastor of a prominent church in New York City. As preacher, poet, lecturer, essayist, and author, his life has been a very busy one; yet in spite of his many and varied duties he still finds time to enjoy his fishing trips to various parts of our country and to Canada.

Children, as well as mature and cultivated minds, will find in Dr. Van Dyke a friend and helper. He is one of the best beloved and most useful of contemporary writers. In many of his stories a delicate humor is mingled with an equally delicate pathos, while in his poetry there may be heard the anthem of a devout soul. Crowning all his qualities is a vital faith in Christ and Christianity.

WOLFE, REV. CHARLES, was born in Ireland in 1791, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became a clergyman of the Church of England. He was ever proud of his Irish birth, and much attached to his native land. His fame as a poet rests on that most touching of battlefield lyrics, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which Byron pronounced the most perfect ode in the language, and which is almost as popular as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." He died at Queenstown in 1823, and is buried in Clonmel.

For sketches of other authors from whom selections have been taken for this book, see Books Three, Four, Five and Six of this Series.







**La Salle High School - Pasadena**

1871



S0-CED-514

